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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

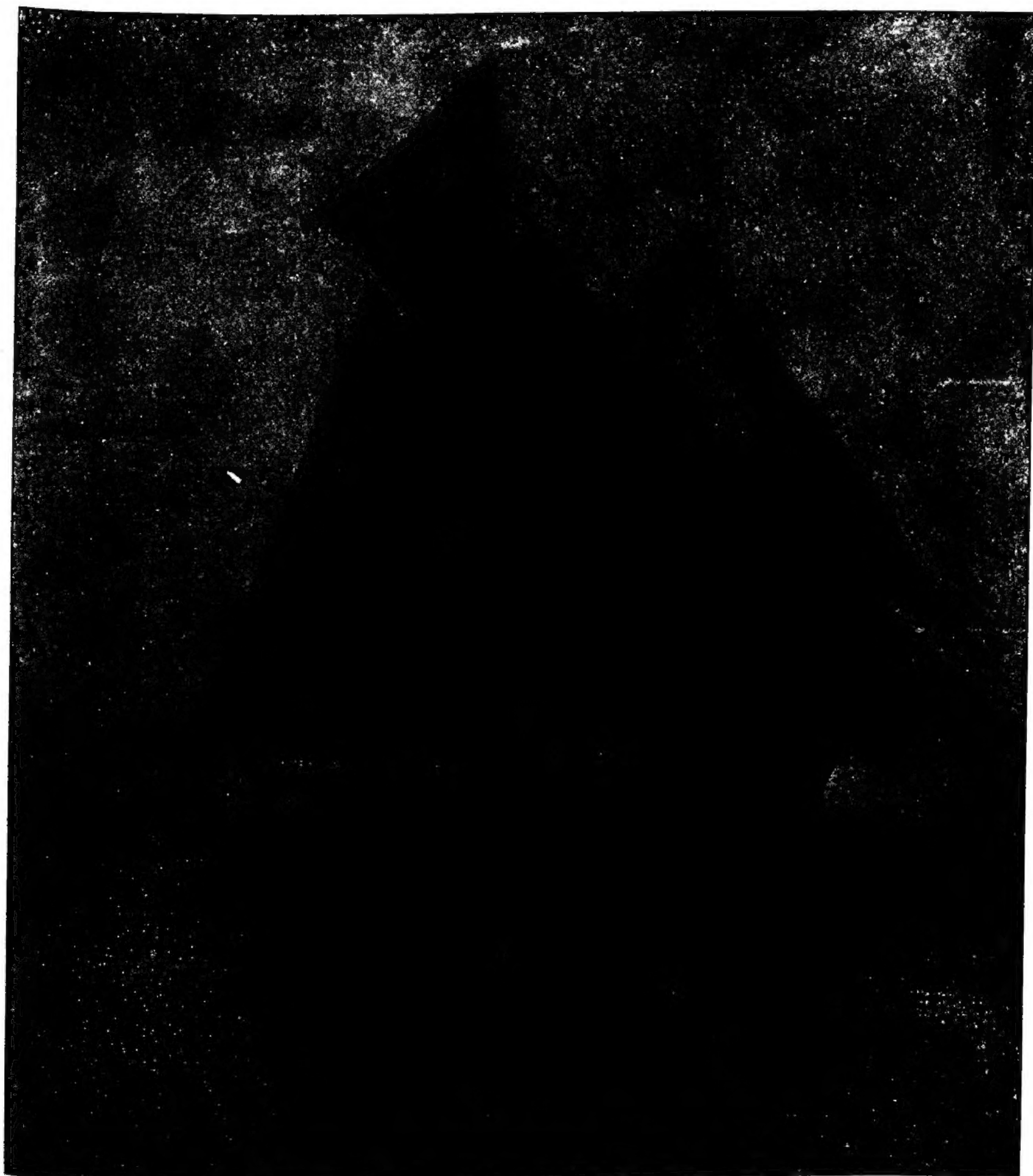
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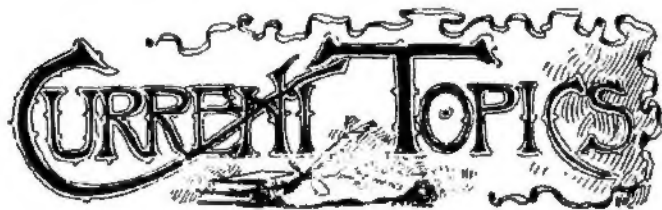
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Some time since we learned that there was some likelihood of Ontario taking up the beet sugar enterprise, which had failed in this province, and pushing it to successful completion. According to the *Toronto Globe*, it is in a fair way of taking definite shape. No person, who observes and reflects, can, indeed, conclude that there is in Canada any insurmountable barrier to the triumph of such an undertaking. Neither in soil nor climate is there any radical obstacle. Mr. Carl Frostorff, who represents a German firm engaged in the manufacture of machinery and implements used in sugar factories, was in Toronto recently and gave some valuable information as to German methods and the character and cost of the required plant to gentlemen interested in the Ontario scheme. On his return from California, whither he has gone to set in operation two large factories established by Mr. Claus Spreckles, the "Sugar King," Mr. Frostorff will test the result of experiments, now in progress, in the growth of different kinds of sugar beets. The promoters of the business seem to be enthusiastic as to its success.

Australia is not going to rest satisfied with two routes (which are practically four) to the motherland. For some months we hear occasional rumours of what is called the overland route. Such an enterprise may at first sight appear more of a dream than the long vexed question of the North-West passage. Those who have faith in the future, nevertheless, maintain that its creation is only a matter of time. Had the advice of some far-seeing men been taken, England would, years ago, have utilized the influence that the Berlin Congress gave her in Asia Minor to push to completion the railway to India through Turkey, Persia and Beloochistan. Constantinople, which a couple of years ago was placed in direct intercourse with Paris, would be connected with the Indian system at Kurrachee. That scheme has not been definitely abandoned yet, though rival schemes have started up. One of these contemplates a line from Singapore to the Johore States; a line from Johore to Burmah and thence to Calcutta; a line along the south shore of the Caspian to Askaba, and a short stretch of rail from Bokhara to British Indian territory, would make the route practically complete. A traveller would then leave London, cross the channel, traverse the continent to Bitlis on the Caspian, thence through Persian and Russian territory to Michaelovitch, to Bokhara and Cabul and over India to Calcutta, and so on by Burmah, and the Malay country to Singapore. From that city it is six days' voyage to Port Darwin, at the northern extremity of Australia—so that the whole journey could be made in less than twenty-four days, of which six only would be by sea. If, however, a line were built across Sumatra to Java, there would be only three days of ocean travel. Sir Edward Watkin, so long identified with schemes for a British North American route across the continent, has another project in his

head, of which the channel tunnel is the primary stage. That great work accomplished, there would be continuous communication from London to Gibraltar, whence a huge broad-beamed vessel would transport an entire train to Tangier. From that point the line would move easterly through Northern Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli, to Egypt; from Cairo it would cross Syria by way of Jerusalem and keep on till Russia was reached, and from there it would follow the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee, where it would make junction with the Indian lines. These great schemes may not be carried out in the present century, but no person who has watched the course of events during the last twenty-five years can say that they are impracticable. Railroading may yet reach a stage of development from which our actual attainments may be regarded as the day of small things.

Nearly two thousand years ago Horace wrote to Mæcenæ of the August weather in Rome in language that might have been used by poet or courtier, professional or business man, of our own summer heats during the last fortnight. The little Sabine bard, not feeling very well, or, perhaps, glad of an excuse to escape the thrall of a too exacting friendship, had retired to the country for change of air. Before leaving the city, however, he had assured his patron that he would not be absent longer than five days. But instead of returning at the end of his furlough, he enjoyed the reviving breezes of his rural retreat till August was over. The reasons that he gives for his prolonged absence are forcible enough. August is the month that brings custom to the undertaker; the month that makes parents grow pale with anxiety for their children; the month when overwork is a source of deadly peril and fever is always imminent; the month when frequent deaths keep lawyers busy in opening wills. Is it any wonder that he preferred the grateful coolness of his villa to the discomforts and risks of the torrid season and pleaded with his generous friend for a still longer respite? Those who have lived through the last fortnight will understand the poet's reluctance to forego health and safety even to gratify his generous though petulant protector. And yet, oppressive as the weather was during that sultry spell, it was comfort compared with what is the normal temperature in some other countries. If Canada is subject to extremes of heat in summer and of cold in winter, it will be admitted that temperatures which cause actual discomfort are seldom of long continuance. Our winters are marked by a considerable share of bright sunshine, which not only mitigates the severity of the cold out-of-doors, but is also exceedingly cheering and favourable to health. To the well-to-do classes it is, on the whole, an enjoyable season, and if the labourer were more thrifty and provident, the cases of destitution would be few. As it is, there are not many who fall victims to the severity of our winters. If some of our cities (Montreal, for instance,) are not so healthy as they should be, it is not the weather that is to blame. Dr. Hingston, who has devoted special attention to the subject, looks upon our climate as the healthiest in the world, and more likely to produce a vigorous, long-lived and enduring race than any of the countries from which its population has been supplied.

Belgium boasts of an industrial guild, the name of which Canada might appropriately borrow. It is known as "The Companions of St. Lawrence." It is not of yesterday, for some of its usages, as shown during the recent jubilee festivities, have been handed down for many generations. But it would profit us little to have the name and nothing more. Belgium has set Europe and America a good example in founding industrial museums. One of King Leopold's functions during the recent fêtes was to inaugurate the great arcade in front of the museum building. The façade will have an extent of 475 metres; the arcade will be 56 metres in width and 75 in height, including the quadriga that will crown it.

Behind it will be a monumental court surrounded by colonnades, forming a covered way to the three museums and the great machinery hall. These museums, which have just been installed, constitute the only complete illustration of the progress of industrial art and invention since the dawn of civilization. The Museum of Ancient Industrial Art takes precedence in chronological order. The nucleus of it was formerly in the Musée de la Porte du Hals. The objects, which are extremely curious, enable the student to trace back the products of modern skill to their first rude beginnings. The second in the series is the Museum of Decorative Art, which is said to be already one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It contains copies of the master-works of decorative painting, glass windows, examples of wood-work, metal-work, and, in fact, all that the name of the institution implies. It is a favourite resort of art students, to whom it is a constant inspiration. The third of the museums is educational, in a more than technical sense, for it is concerned mainly with apparatus for school teaching—Musée Scolaire—and a comprehensive collection of it. We have already given an outline (with illustrations) of the work accomplished by schools of the Board of Art and Manufactures in this province, and have also referred to the results of like movements in other parts of the Dominion. Our readers cannot, therefore, be under the impression that Canada has made no provision for this kind of training. We may say, however, without fear of contradiction, that as yet we have nothing corresponding to this great Belgian enterprise. William Morris, in a handbook prepared some years ago for the use of those who desired guidance on the subject of art-workmanship, said that it was scarcely possible to estimate the amount of influence for good that had been exercised on English workmen by the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Thousands who had been impelled thither by mere curiosity had carried away knowledge and a stimulus to improvement that had borne fruit in many directions. The movement has begun in Canada, but it will not do to let it languish, for there is still great room for improvement.

If our neighbours to the south persist in holding incorrect notions of Canada, its constitution, its resources and its people, it must be because they decline to be instructed. Certainly during the last few years there has been no lack of Canadians to hear witness for their own country in the press of the United States. Mr. Brymner, Dr. Bourinot, the Rev. Dr. Grant, and several others of our leading men, have lectured before audiences eager to learn what manner of people we are of. "Pastor Felix," in the *Portland Transcript*, Bliss Carman, in the *New York Independent*, Dr. Fréchette, in the *Arena*, Mr. Scott and Mr. Lafleur in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Le Moine, in *Forest and Stream*, and Mr. Watson and Dr. Bender in the *Magazine of History* (not to speak of several others in a large number of publications), have been trying to let the world know what we are not as well as what we are. Dr. Bender's latest revelation concerns "The French-Canadian Peasantry," of whom he has much to say that is of interest to ourselves as well as to outsiders. There is one reproach often brought against our French-speaking fellow-citizens, mostly by new arrivals from over seas—that of using a barbarous patois instead of intelligible French—which Dr. Bender justly shows to be unfounded. "It is true," he writes, "that the uneducated speak ungrammatically and often elegantly, use old words belonging to the dialect of Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, and often employ words in their old relation instead of the new; but this does not constitute a patois, such as we hear in many of the provinces of France, where people of one district cannot understand the language of those living in an adjoining one. He then shows, by an example taken from the common speech of the Breton peasant, what a patois really is, and how wholly unlike it is anything in the ordinary language of French Canada. In fact, a Parisian would have no more

difficulty in understanding one of our *habitants* than an educated American the dialects of the country people of the United States. Of the peculiar use of words he instances—"Il mouille" for "Il pleut"; "butin" for "effets"; "il me tanne" for "il m'impacienté," and "Embarquez à cheval" instead of "Montez à cheval." These and other expressions are of historic interest, as they point back to a state of society when property was often really booty, and when canoes were more abundant than beasts of burden.

Of course, Dr. Bender has something to say of the wondrous increase of the French-Canadian people. Two prominent officials of the Province of Quebec are, he tells us, twenty-sixth children, and so of families, entitled to profit by the law that allots a hundred acres of land to each parent of twelve living children. He tells a story of a farmer who, on the birth of his twenty-sixth child, took it to the *curé* as part of the *dîmes*—a twenty-sixth part of all natural productions being the legal portion of the Church. The reverend father took the gift in good part, only stipulating that its mother should be its provider till it was able to eat. After that he would attend to its education. Mr. H. Lamothe, in his *Excursion au Canada et à la Rivière Rouge du Nord*, mentions this gift to the *curé* of the twenty-sixth child as a usual custom, and, as an instance of it, says that one of the leading officials of this province, an ex-premier, received his education in that way. The story is repeated by M. Antoine Chalmet in *Les Français au Canada*. Both authors give the name of the Church's child.

A CASE IN POINT.

When an Englishman counsels his Government to give up Gibraltar—no mere radical, but one who aspires to the rank of a diplomatic adviser—we may reasonably begin to think that changes are at hand. English Heligoland, we are told, was a long continued injustice, a standing eyesore and insult, first to Denmark, then to Germany. It never was of any use to Great Britain. It was taken from Denmark by force, without any plea that a statesman, who cared for equity, could defend. Even when Hanover was under an English sovereign, the occupation of the islet by England was an anomaly—serving no purpose but to hurt Teutonic susceptibilities. But if there was a certain appearance of fitness in England holding it, while the King of Hanover was King of England, there was no excuse whatever after the Queen's accession, and still less, if possible, after the effacement of Hanover—unless, indeed, to punish Prussia for that act of injustice. Thus argues Mr. Collet, in the *Diplomatic Fly-Sheet*. He gives Lord Salisbury credit for getting rid of a *damna hæreditas*—an heirloom fraught with danger, and for the adroitness with which he discharged the task. There was always the possibility of the demand being made for its restoration in a tone which England could not fail to resent, and then even to imagine a war between two great nations for such a plot of ground is enough to inspire horror. While Heligoland remained English, Russia would be always watching for the chance of making it a pretext for a quarrel—a quarrel which would advance her own ends most unmistakably.

But Mr. Collet goes farther. He directs our attention to Gibraltar, and suggests a parallel and a contrast. Gibraltar costs a good deal to keep up as a British fortress. Yet it is of no more military value to England than Heligoland was. As a source of annoyance to a proud and patriotic people, it is much worse. Heligoland was at least in the ocean. But Gibraltar is actually part of the Spanish mainland. The British flag waving from those heights is a perennial slight to a people with whom we are at peace and supposed to be on terms of friendship. "Let Lord Salisbury," says Mr. Collet, "take heart of grace and restore Gibraltar to Spain." We have already spoken of Malta, which stands in pretty much the same relation to Italy as Heligoland did to Germany.

The inference is obvious in that case also. England's duty there is alike clear. But what of the Channel Islands? Is England to give them up too? It is true that they have been English for many centuries, but the evidence of the map is all for France. Mr. Collet thinks that by continuing this gracious policy of surrender, England would be setting an example to civilization. He is especially interested in the lesson which the giving up of Heligoland, and (if his advice be taken) of Gibraltar would teach to Germany in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. But his logic halts there; for it was just on the ground that Elsass and Lothringen were old German possessions that the policy of 1870 was enforced. Nevertheless, the restoration of those provinces would conciliate French sentiment as no other boon that Germany could offer would do. England, however, has done very well, for a beginning. It is some other power's turn now. Mr. Collet might have given a thought to his unhappy fellow-countrymen in Newfoundland in this connection. In another page of the same issue of *Diplomatic Fly-Sheets*, he insists with much point and force on Newfoundland's rights. The question is not one, he says, for arbitration or mediation. The Newfoundlanders are the only community vitally interested in the question, and justice demands that all foreign rights on that island must be abrogated. That is hardly the tone that is likely to prevail with France, but undoubtedly there could not be a finer opportunity of following up the example recently set by England than that of Newfoundland. By relaxing the hold that treaties, framed under circumstances wholly different from those that prevail to-day, give her over the "French shore," she would deserve the respect of civilization and win the lasting gratitude of the people of Newfoundland. As far as Lord Salisbury's policy tends to bring about such an act of justice, it merits the approval of every British colonist, and, especially, of every Canadian. Unfortunately, France, instead of looking upon the surrender of Heligoland to Germany as an act to be admired, is rather disposed to consider it part of a policy of hostility to herself.

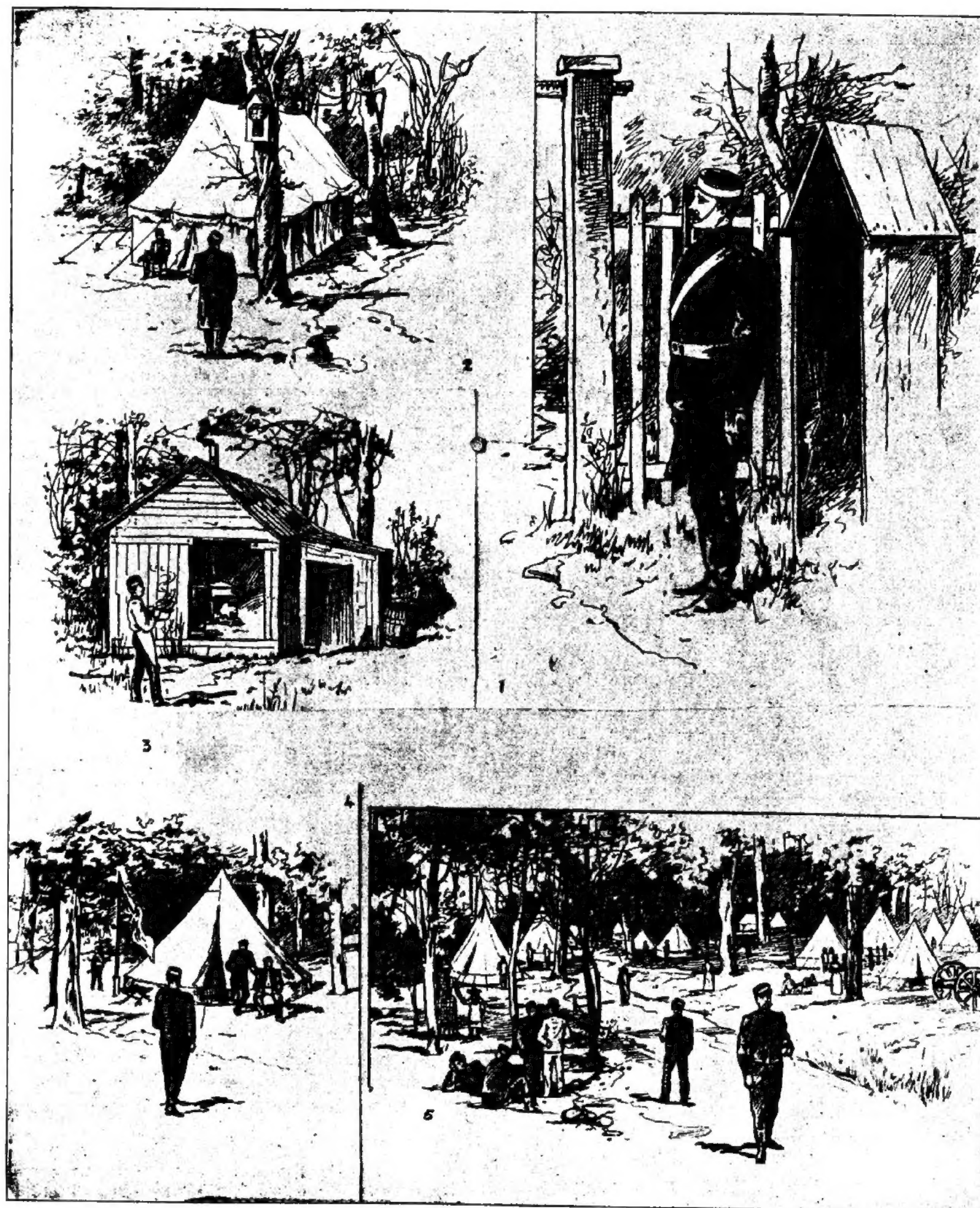
THE OLD NOR'-WESTERS.

We have already made some reference to the second series of the Hon. Mr. Masson's admirable record of the North-West Company and its leading members. A little more than twelve months ago we gave an outline of the treasured lore of the first series, with its masterly introductory sketch. Therein the author sets before the reader a concise, and yet comprehensive, narrative of the progress of trade, adventure and exploration under the Old Régime and in the early years of British rule. Even before the Conquest, something had been done both from Hudson Bay and by the Great Lakes towards the opening of Western Canada. The Sieur de la Verendrye and his sons had penetrated far into the prairie region—crossing nearly the whole of the great steppes. Some years after New France had been settled under English auspices, traders from the Old Country—Frobishers, McGillivrays, McTavishes, Frasers, McKenzies and others, whose names have long become household words—set out on the route towards the "Southern" ocean and journeyed far into the recesses of the sub-arctic wilderness. Montreal was the chief emporium of the fur-traders, and many reminiscences of their days of power are found in the writings of the early travellers through North America. Mr. Masson has in his first volume portrayed the characters and described the adventures of those hardy fortune-seekers—Henry and Cadotte, the Frobisher brothers, Umfreville, Pangman, Quesnel, Peter Pond, Grant, Leroux and the McKenzies. He tells how the greatest of this last name made his way, through every obstacle, across the continent, till the sight of the mighty Pacific rewarded his patience and fortitude. He gives animated pictures of the jealousies and quarrels of the rival companies. He sheds light on the schism that gave birth to the vigorous but short-lived "X. Y." and explains how, on

McTavish's death in 1804, the way was cleared for reunion. But the healing of that breach only made more bitter the struggle between the Hudson Bay Company and the Nor'-Westers. The Astoria episode was prophetic, for, in spite of its failure, it created in the minds of our neighbours that longing to possess the lower Columbia, which ultimately deprived the fur-kings and, through them, the Dominion, of a precious portion of its western domain. Lord Selkirk's self-imposed mission—a forecast of what has taken place in the present generation—and the unhappy collisions that at last made the North-West too small for both companies closes the record.

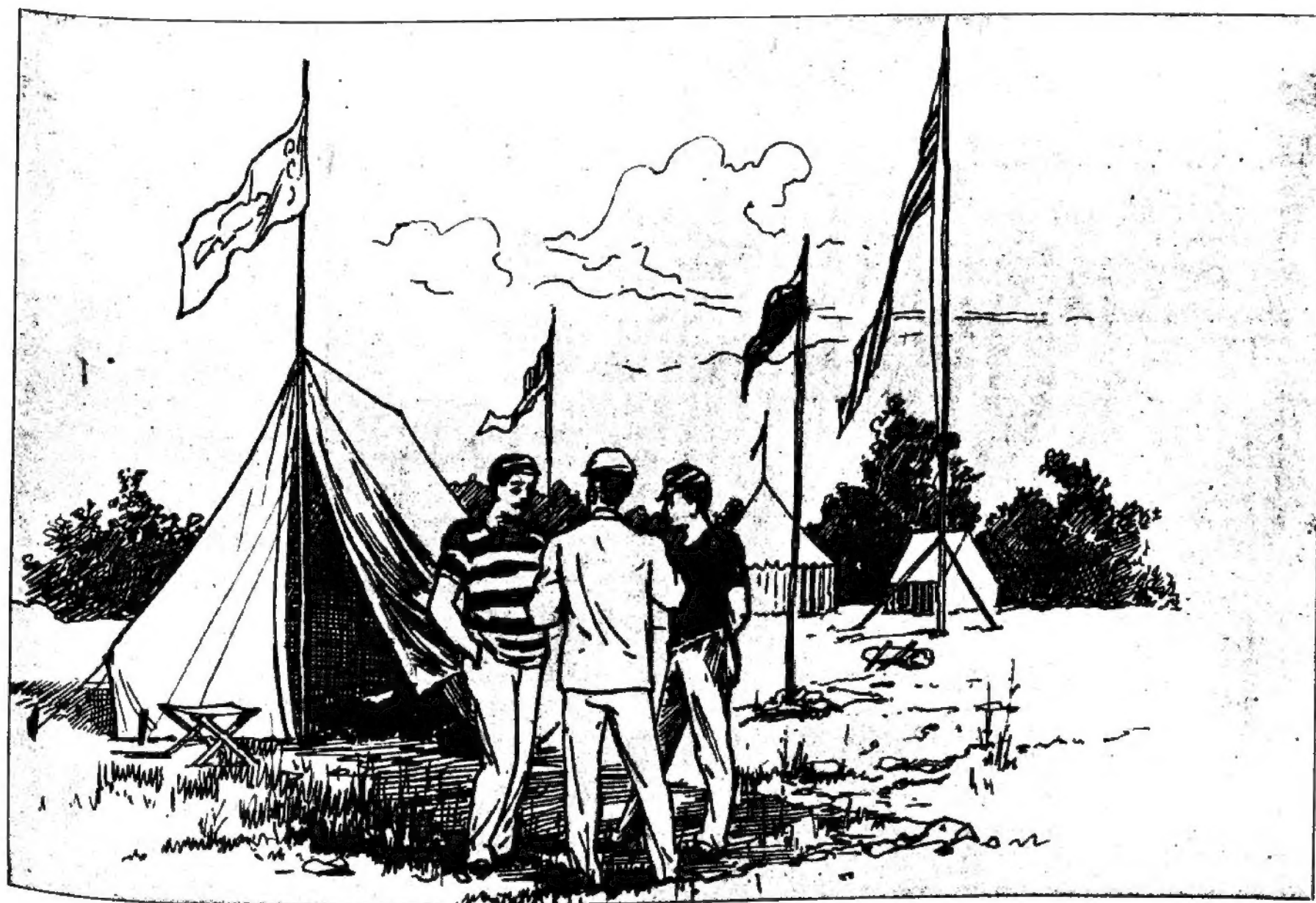
In the first volume there are, besides the *Esquisse Historique*, a collection of documents in the form of journals, letters or narratives of the utmost interest. The Hon. Roderick MacKenzie (cousin of Sir Alexander), from whom Mr. Masson inherited a whole series of papers; Mr. W. F. Wentzell, a Norwegian in the company's service; Mr. Simon Fraser, M. F. V. Malhiot, Mr. John McDonnell, Mr. F. A. Larocque and Mr. Charles MacKenzie were the writers of these manuscripts.

In the second series, these valuable contemporary documents are continued. Mr. John McDonald, late of Garth, Gray's Creek, Glangarry, who was in the North-West from 1791 till 1816, wrote for his son, Mr. de Bellefeuille McDonald, while in his 89th year, a series of "Autobiographical Notes," covering the period of his service, and these interesting reminiscences are, by permission of the writer's grandson, Mr. de Lery McDonald, included in this second series. The letters of Mr. George Keith to the Hon. Roderick McKenzie, cover the ten years from 1807 to 1817. They give much valuable information regarding the far northern departments of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake. The account of Lake Superior, written by Mr. John Johnston, father-in-law of Schoolcraft, the historian of the Indians, deals with explorations conducted from 1792 to 1807. A valuable contribution, which throws a lurid light on the war of the Nor'-Westers against the Hudson Bay Company and Lord Selkirk, is Mr. Samuel H. Wilcocke's "Narrative of Circumstances attending the death of the late Benjamin Frobisher, Esq., a partner of the North-West Company." The scenes here depicted mark the last agony in the conflict, as the companies were amalgamated two years later. Mr. Duncan Cameron, writing in 1804-1805, sketches the "customs, manners and way of living of the natives in the barren country about Nepigon;" Mr. Peter Grant, about the same time, describes the Sautaux Indians. Mr. James McKenzie discloses the policy of the company in its dealings with the tribes, and also adds to our knowledge of the relations between the rival corporations. The record comprises some deplorable facts, but will be extremely valuable to the historian. From the same pen we have an account of a region nearer home—the King's Posts—and a "Journal of a canoe jaunt through the King's Domains" in the year 1808. This is of special interest for the light it throws on the early history and condition of the Saguenay and Lake St. John region. The narrative abounds in data of exceptional value, the writer's observations extending as far north as Lake Mistassini, on which body of water both companies had small posts. The vast dimensions of the lake were then, as until recently, an article of popular belief, which Mr. McKenzie confirms. The "North-West Agreements," which, as the editor informs us, were the only constitution of the company, bearing date 1802 and 1804, respectively, are given in full, with the names of the signers. These documents, less known but for Canadians, not less interesting than the charter of the Hudson Bay Company, close the second series. The annotations help the reader very materially. Indeed, Mr. Masson has clearly made his task a labour of love. The publishers, too (Messrs. A. Côté & Co, Quebec), have evidently taken a patriotic pride in doing worthily their share of the work. We hope in future issues to give our readers some examples of its value and interest.



SKETCHES AT CAMP OF MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

1. Sentry on Main Gate. 2. Sergeants' Mess Tent. 3. Cook-house. 4. Commanding Officers' Tent. 5. Off Duty: Taking a Stroll.



SCENES AT CAMP OF AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, ISLE CADIEUX.



The championship regatta has come and gone, and been a disappointment in nearly everything but the number attending it. Perhaps the faulty management was due to the fact that such important aquatic events are not sufficiently familiar to Montrealers. But, whatever the cause, everything was faulty and an excusable source of amusement for the gentlemen from the West, in whose cities things aquatic are managed with much greater skill. I do not wish to write in a fault-finding spirit, but the scant number which attended the second half of the regatta ought to sufficiently prove the disappointment of the thousands who were present the first day.

It is true the water was not fit to row on at the advertised time; but, even if the lake had been as smooth as a mirror, the races could not have been started then. In the first place, the starting boats had not been placed in position, and the starter had to add to his duties by anchoring them in place. But if the weather was good and flags had been out at noon, even then a start could not be got at 2.30, because the train which carried the umpire arrived over half an hour late. Everything had a slipshod air of delay not at all creditable. Another grievous error was that no time was taken in the second race. This was not the fault of the timekeepers. The umpire's boat, on which these gentlemen were, was not half way to the starting point when the men were sent off. The result was unfortunate; neither the umpire nor anybody else on board knew who was leading or who won the race until long after it was over, and, although all these races are looked upon as record events, the legend of "no time taken" will have to be put down on the official report. It was very kind of the owner of Our Club to place his steam yacht at the disposal of the committee, but the number to be accommodated on board was too large and the boat not sufficiently powerful in such water and wind to adequately fulfil the duties of umpire's and press boat.

The mere results of the regatta are already known to every one who reads the daily newspapers; but it may not be out of place to write down some of the impressions given me at Lachine. In the senior four-oared race it seemed to me as if a direct but unintentional injustice had been done the Ottawa crew. The umpire is all-powerful on such occasions. The position is a difficult and thankless one to fill, and there will always be more or less dissatisfaction expressed by some of the contestants if a ruling is called for. Still, Mr. Sclater's decision in this race will bear some consideration. The ruling was evidently given with the intention that an innocent crew should not lose its chance in the race, and from that point of view, even if faulty in judgment, it is not censurable. The ultimate result, I think, will bear out the idea, however, that it was faulty in judgment. Immediately after the start the Don crew became hopelessly entangled with an inconvenient spar buoy that lay directly in the course, and were to all intents and purposes out of the race. Almost at the same moment the Argonauts and Torontos came into collision and were obliged to stop rowing. The Ottawas were the only men straight in their course, and had every prospect of winning, when the umpire called them back. This was the most fortunate thing that could have happened the Don crew. It gave them a second chance where before they had none, and took away from Ottawa a clear chance of winning and replaced it by one of losing. A great many people are of the impression that the fairer way would have been to let the race be rowed out; then Ottawa would probably have been in first; Argonaut would have protested Toronto, and if the Argonauts were in second place, the race could easily have been rowed over between the two crews who, on the first trial, showed winning form. If Toronto had finished first the result would have been the same, as Toronto would have been deservedly disqualified. If I mistake not, there is a precedent in the C.A.A.O. annals for such a course as this.

There is another feature in the second day's racing that is particularly worthy of mention. On account of that same spar buoy that caused so much trouble all through, the Grand Trunk asked the Ottawa Juniors to give them a little lee way, and supposed the Ottawas would have been courteous enough to comply. Instead of doing so, however, the crew from the capital stretched a point the other way, with the result that the Grand Trunk fouled them. The action did not reflect the smallest bit of credit on the visitors, and the railway men were disqualified; but just for fun they rowed over the course and beat their competitors out of sight. There is just one suggestion I would like to make, and that is—that when next time the C.A.A.O. hold a regatta here there will be somebody connected with it who has some pretensions to know something, because frequently there are some people who want to know, you know. Nobody knew on Saturday whether the regatta was going to take place or not; nobody knew on Monday morning until what time the races were postponed in the afternoon. To use the ungrammatical but pointed words

of one disgusted individual at Lachine on Monday morning—"Nobody seems to know nothing nohow!"

Every true sportsman should be an advocate of game protection, and most of them are. One of the reasons why the advent of a new fish and game club should be hailed with delight is that, practically speaking, such institutions are the best protective of our native game. Of course, the primary object is to kill; but the killing will not be done out of season, and the pride of a sportsman—a big bag or a well-filled creel—is only achieved a few days in each season. During the rest of the year, on leased properties, the natural increase is not interfered with, and the result is that in such places fish and game abound. They have not come under the hand of the pot-hunter, who shoots everything indiscriminately, simply because it is shootable. It may be said that the woods, the rivers, the lakes, and the inhabitants thereof, are public property. So they are in a certain way; but if this were law, we should soon have our streams depleted of game fish. There was no protection on our prairies, and where now will a solitary herd of bison be found? These things were suggested by the formation of a new club called "Club de Pêche et de Chasse," whose headquarters are situated on a pretty little island in the upper channel of the St. Lawrence, seven or eight miles below Sorel. The formal opening of this club took place on Monday last, when a large party of sportsmen and their friends spent a very pleasant day on the island. It was not exactly a good time for shooting and nobody wanted to break the game laws; but a glance at the country and the flocks of wild duck rising from the moorland and circling overhead was sufficient to convince anyone that it was a veritable sportsman's paradise. The programme of the day consisted of shooting and fishing tournaments. The latter contest was so arranged that whoever caught any fish at all was nearly sure to get a club prize of some sort or other. There were prizes for the biggest fish, prizes for the greatest aggregate weight, prizes for the largest number, prizes for the most successful in landing perch and sunfish, prizes practically for everything and for everybody who was there, and the competition was as keen as if a fortune was in the balance. It was even suggested that the gentleman who took first prize for the biggest doré had hooked it with shekels instead of a minnow: but this is doubtless a slander, even if the fish looked more than a few hours dead. There was one feature, however, to which I strongly objected. It was the shooting of live pigeons in the gun tournament. The objection is not taken on the ground of cruelty, because everybody who shoots knows that death by shot is at least as merciful as the poulterer's way of supplying the market; but the scouting was something outrageous. When a bird was missed at the traps multitudinous guns from all parts of the field, and even across the river, blazed away indiscriminately, and showers of small shot fell everywhere; I felt a few myself, but their force had been spent and they were harmless. It was more good luck than good judgment that there were no casualties, for certainly the gentlemen who were not at the score and who did the extra shooting were about as sensible as a canine with a tin-can caudal attachment. The club cannot be blamed for the wanton stupidity and avarice of men who go to a shooting match with the sole object of knocking over a stray pigeon, for which somebody else has paid, but its officials ought to be able to find some way out of the difficulty by clearing the ground of alleged sportsmen, whose ideas of sport seems to be about fifty per cent. lower than those of the average pot-hunter. With this exception, the excursion of the club was a marked success. A word, however, may be said which possibly may benefit the club, and it was suggested by one of its prominent members. Few people know the advantages for fishing and game in this portion of the St. Lawrence. If such a spot were at the disposal of some of our American cousins the club membership would be large to unwieldiness; but here it is small. "Of course," said the gentleman referred to, "the club has a French name and a great many are apparently of the opinion that it is simply for Frenchmen. This is a mistake. An infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood would do us a great deal of good and make our club not only a sporting one, but one whose influence would be beneficial in the protection of woods and waters. After all," he continued, "a black duck quacks the same in English as in French, and a black bass is not particular whether a frog or a minnow is of the Gallic or Saxon persuasion."

There is practically very little doing in the way of lacrosse just now, and the senior clubs are supposed to be taking their holidays. The C.A.A.A. are apparently in the same easy-going, lotus-eating way, as far as lacrosse is concerned. Nothing has yet been done in the matter of those protests against the Cornwall club. At the present rate of going they will probably be adjudicated on after the series is played out, and another specimen of lacrosse in the committee room will disgust the people who patronize the national game and make big clubs paying institutions.

In one of the leagues last week there was a default, and, in connection with that default, there is a very pretty story going the rounds that it was caused by the non-appearance of the verbally agreed on salary. Verily the ways of some rising lacrosse players are devious and dark.

The Kingston Kennel Club are leaving nothing undone

to make their Bench Show a marked success. The dates set apart are September 3, 4 and 5, and a very large list of entries is assured. Mr. Floyd Vail, of New York city, and Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N.Y., will act as judges. All arrangements have been made for the free transportation of dogs.

This seems to be a record-beating season, and one more has fallen in athletics. Malcolm Ford, who is about as good an all-round athlete as any country has produced, until recently held the record for a running hop, step and jump. His mark was 44 feet 13 1/4 inches, and many have been the attempts made to beat it; but it remained for John H. Clausen, of the Boston Athletic Club, to accomplish the feat. The record is now 44 feet 5 inches. When the limits of athletic powers and endurance will be reached it is difficult to see, as day by day extraordinary feats lessen time and increase distance records.

Speaking of athletics, it might be as well to call attention to the championship games which this year will be held at the M.A.A.A. grounds. It will be remembered that two years ago the grounds at Cote St. Antoine were practically opened at the championship meeting, and it will also be remembered how the American competitors complimented the M.A.A.A. on the excellence of their track. But the grounds and track at that time are not to be compared with those of to-day. Everybody knows they are the best in Canada, by long odds, and second to none on the continent. The meeting of athletes, which will be held here on the 27th of September, should be a marked one in the history of Canadian athletics. There is only one uncertainty. That is the weather. With the latter fair, with a splendid cinder path, one-third of a mile, and with the large number of athletes who will undoubtedly compete, it seems well within the probabilities that some records should go under. Montreal should also be well up to the front in several events, and the M.A.A.A. ought to be rewarded by seeing its colours carry off at least a couple of championships. At the beginning of the season, when the services of a professional trainer were secured, there was a much increased interest taken in athletics generally, and considerable improvement in style and speed was noticeable at the weekly handicap games; in fact, the improvement was so marked that the veterans at the games freely prophesied almost unlimited success in the coming championship struggle. But these expectations are perhaps a little too sanguine. Judging from what has already been done, there might be two championships come this way, and if Moffatt is in condition the half mile ought to be a certainty, although there will be some flyers from among our American cousins. Of course, at the present time, a great many of the likely competitors are taking their holidays and will have to wear off a good deal of adipose tissue when they get back; but it is necessary to call attention to one fault, which is especially noticeable among the "stars," and that is that towards the end of the season a few became noticeably lax in their training. There is plenty of time to remedy this between now and the date of the meeting, because this will be by no means a club affair. All the cracks and champions of the big American athletic clubs will be in Montreal, and it behooves the Canadians to let not even the shade of an opportunity slip. *Verb. sap.*

Comparatively little is heard of the St. Lambert Rowing Club outside the boundaries of that south side municipality, but for all that a greater interest is taken in aquatic sports than more pretentious clubs can boast of. To-day their annual regatta will be held and a more interesting meeting is promised than that of last Saturday at Lachine.

The Swimming Club races ought to attract the attention of every one who admires that useful art and is ambitious to know enough to get out of the wet in an emergency. There is at present only one championship race held in Canada. This is the thousand yards, held at present by Mr. Benedict, of Montreal, who in all probability will leave his competitors behind again this year. But why should we only have one recognized championship? Why not have sprints and long distances the same as in all other sports? It is true we have no amateur swimming association to make rules and regulate championships, perhaps because the number of swimming clubs is too small. But why should not the C.A.A.A. take the matter under its wing. It is a comparatively easy-worked organization just now, and maybe the introduction of a new branch of sport would help arouse it from its present somnolency.

It looks as if the present might be an opportune time to revivify interest in the trotting horse. Hitherto trotting in Montreal—and, in fact, everywhere not governed by the rules of one of the recognized large associations—has been looked on with more than a shade of suspicion by advocates of honest sport; and deservedly so. For years the patron of the trotting track has been classified with the gambler and the blackleg, for honestly dwelt not there; but a change for the better is becoming gradually noticeable, and proprietors and lessees of tracks are beginning to see that incorporation with either the National American Associations is a necessity, if public patronage is to be depended on. The Longueuil Trotting Club took the initiative and proved that it is possible to hold good races and conduct them in such a manner that the mere spectator

knows he is looking at a race and not at a "hippodrome." The Mont Royal Park proprietors followed suit, and it is rumoured that the other proprietors in the vicinity of the city will also take the hint and become incorporated. The Longueuil Club will hold a three days' meeting on the 27th, 28th and 30th insts., and a feature of the races will be a flat and a hurdle for running horses. Running races on a half mile track, with sharp turns especially, are not to be approved of, and a hurdle race should not be thought of. If there are no accidents these two events may add to the interest of the day's sport, but the precedent is not a good one.

Few enjoy all the comforts of what may be called inland yachting more than the dwellers on the shores of Lake Ontario, and few people appreciate their advantages more fully than the Torontonians; a fact that is self-evident to all who have ever been in the Queen City during the yachting season, which is now at its height. Everybody who is anybody either owns or has an interest in some sort of sailing craft, and not a pleasant day passes but the shimmering surface of the lake is dotted over with specks of white glistening in the sunshine. Probably no yacht club on the inner lake is so well known as the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and certainly no club has so fine a fleet of boats. In this number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are given some pictures of a few of the best known yachts, and it is intended shortly to lay before them some glimpses of the regatta held under the auspices of the above club on the 15th and 16th August. The R. C. Y. C. has a beautiful club house on the Island of Toronto, and also a town club house, as well as its own steam yacht, which runs for the convenience of the members to and from the island club. The yachts of the club cruise away each Saturday, either to the hop at Niagara, or to Hamilton, Oakville or Port Dalhousie. No better set of fellows than the members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club are to be found on a cruise. Thorough sailors and good friends, all unite under their genial commodore, Mr. A. R. Boswell, to promote—first, the interests of yachting and, second, a feeling of good-fellowship. Each yacht has its crew, and all are well and favourably known in ports near Toronto, from Mr. Gooderham's grand schooner Oriole (whose rival does not float on the inter-lakes) down to Mr. Bruff Garratt's dashing little skiff, Chute.

A few words regarding the most typical of the craft on the lake will interest the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

The schooner yacht Oriole, which is owned by Mr. Geo. Gooderham, is really so well and favourably known that description seems useless and criticism out of place. A yacht that has won all she entered for must needs be a flyer, and such is the Oriole. Built over three years ago, she has taken part in all the principal races and won them, too, among her victories being that over the famous Idler, of Chicago. She is in every way a credit to the art of boat-building in Toronto, and her fittings are of the most luxurious and costly kind, everything being in keeping with the generosity of her owner.

The cutter Verve was designed by Mr. Geo. L. Watson, of Glasgow, Scotland, and she was put together on the Clyde. Her length over all is 45 ft.; load water line, 37 ft. 6 in.; beam, 7 ft. 7 in., and draft, 7 ft. 3 in. She was brought to Canada in 1881 by Messrs. Cochrane & Cassils, from whom she was purchased in 1886 by her present owners, Messrs. Norman Dick and M. D. Thompson. Since her arrival on fresh water her success has been considerable, winning at different times all the cup prizes in her class, and now holding the Lansdowne cup for the second time in three years. The crew of the Verve are a jolly good lot of fellows, and their skipper, Mr. N. B. Dick, is probably the best yachtsman in the R. C. Y. C.

The Merle is, perhaps, after the Oriole, the best known boat in the R. C. Y. C. fleet, and last year in the International racing cruise won five first places in the five regattas and the Lansdowne cup. In construction and beauty of finish the Boston flyer is probably excelled by no boat on fresh water. Designed by Edward Burgess, the author of the champion yacht of the world, she was turned out of George Lawley's yard in South Boston, Mass., in the spring of 1887, under a contract for Mr. Allen Ames, the commodore of the Oswego Yacht Club. Mr. Ames sold the boat to Mr. Dugald MacMurchy in May, 1889, and the little white cutter has since often carried the R. C. Y. C. flag to victory. The Merle has among her crew some of the most popular sailors in the club, including Mr. Hume Blake, last year's captain; Mr. George Evans, the genial honorary secretary of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and Mr. Herrick Duggan, the commodore of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, who comes West to join in the races. Mr. MacMurchy is a true Corinthian yachtsman, and makes a popular skipper. After this year's cruise the Merle goes to Cleveland to sail against the City of the Straits, the champion yacht of Lake Erie, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September. The race is looked forward to as a most interesting contest. The Merle is 34 ft. 8 in. water line, 12 ft. 4 in. beam, 5 ft. draft without centre board, and 42 ft. on deck. The Rivet, which is of cutter design, is built of iron throughout, and is now as solid and ship-shape as when first commissioned some thirty or forty years ago. Her present owner, Mr. H. Blake is a well known and popular yachtsman, and general regret was felt when it was learned that the Rivet would not be in commission this season. Mr. Blake was captain of the Toronto Yacht Club last year. The Rivet is a fast boat, especially on a wind, and

has from time to time carried off the honours of well contested races. It is to be hoped that the season of '91 will bring Mr. Blake's cutter to the fore once more.

The Escape, owned by Mr. F. A. Turner, was originally a yawl of some 10 tons, but a few years ago she was altered and is now cutter rigged. The Escape is one of the oldest sailers in Ontario waters; and, give her a stiff breeze, well aft, and she can hump along in good old style and make some of the flyers look to their laurels.

The Cygnet is a sloop rigged yacht of 45 tons, 43 feet in the l.w.l., and 48 ft. 12 in. over all. She is owned by Mr. Thos. McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is probably the fastest sloop on Lake Ontario, bar the Atalanta, and perhaps the White Wings. She has in different races beaten all the cracks, and in light weather is a match for any of them. She is a beautiful boat and as comfortable for cruising as one could wish. She is usually to be seen off Niagara-on-the-Lake on Sundays, to which place she cruises on Saturdays. She is sailing in good style this season, and great things are looked for in the coming regattas.

The cutter Aileen registers 40 tons. She is 55 ft. l.w.l., and 58 ft. 4 in. over all, and is owned and captained by Mr. W. G. Gooderham. This beautiful craft is considered the prettiest yacht under canvas in any of the inner lakes. She is drawn on full lines, is a most perfect model, very fast, and in heavy weather can go to windward of anything. Yachtsmen are talking about the new flyer from England, the Vreda, being able to beat her, but give the Aileen her day, and it is doubtful if even the Oriole can show her heels.

The yacht Condor was built on the banks of the Don in 1883 by Melancton Simpson, of Toronto. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 44 feet; beam, 13 feet; length water line, 39 feet; draught, 7 feet 3 inches. The hull is of white oak, and her ballast (all on the outside) about 7½ tons. The main cabin is 15 feet long, with sleeping accommodation for eight. There is every possible convenience for comfort, including all toilet requisites. The fittings are of cherry, oiled and varnished, the effect being bright and cheerful. The rig is that of the cutter, and she is allowed six feet more hoist for racing; but being built for cruising purposes, her owners have preferred the easy rig. For some years she has been merely regarded as a cruising boat; but last year some changes were made in the ownership, and being placed in the racing events of her club, she has developed a considerable amount of speed, and out of the eight events entered for has taken seven prizes, viz., two firsts, three seconds, and two thirds, in all of which races there were a large number of competitors. She is a flag ship of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; her skipper, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, being the captain of the club. The syndicate owning her is composed of Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, S. J. Bull, Fred. J. Starling, Harton Walker, Herbert R. Walker, H. V. Moise and Wm. C. Thomson. She is sailed by her owners, who are all Corinthian yachtsmen. A word should be said about the skipper. He is the most popular yachtsman in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He tells a good story, sings a good song, and is a jolly good fellow all round. His appointment as captain of the club was universally appreciated.

The cutter Kelpie is now in her second year, being built by Stanton, of Picton, in 1888. Her length is 27 ft. 6 in.; l.w.l., 21 ft. 3 in.; beam, 8 ft.; draft, 5 ft.; corrected length, 25 ft. 6 in. She was built for cruising, but stood such good footing, that she has been successfully sailed in her class in the club races, winning recently the Cosgrave cup (which she now holds) from the Samoa and the Wona, both boats with good heels. The Kelpie is owned by Messrs. Campbell, Dallas and Drew. R. O. X.

How Coleridge Lived.

Mrs. Henry Sandford, in her book, "Thomas Poole and His Friends," gives the following account of Coleridge's fantastic scheme of life: "We determined to live by ourselves. We arranged our time, money and employments. We found it not only practicable, but easy—and Mrs. Coleridge entered with enthusiasm into the scheme. To Mrs. Coleridge the nursing and sewing only would have belonged; the rest I took upon myself, and since our resolution have been learning the practice. With only two rooms and two people—their wants severely simple—no great labour can there be in their waiting upon themselves. Our washing we should put out. I should have devoted my whole head, heart and body to my acre and a half of garden land, and my evenings to literature. Mr. and Mrs. Estlin approved, admired and applauded the scheme, and thought it not only highly virtuous but highly prudent. In the course of a year and a half I doubt not that I should feel myself independent, for my bodily strength would have increased, and I should have been weaned from animal food, so as never to touch it but once a week; and there can be no shadow of a doubt that an acre of land, divided properly and managed properly, would maintain a small family in everything but clothes and rent. What had I to ask of my friends? Not money—for a temporary relief of my wants is nothing, removes no gnawing of anxiety, and debases the dignity of the man. Not their interest; what could their interest—supposing they had any—do for me? I can accept no place in State, Church or Dissenting meeting. Nothing remains possible but a school, or writer to a newspaper, or my present plan. I could not love the man who advised me to keep a school or write for a newspaper. He must have a hard heart."



THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.—In this number we present our readers with an engraving of this fine corps as it appears in camp on St. Helen's Island. The Montreal Field Battery was organized in 1855, when the Militia Act came into operation, and was gazetted in September of that year. Major W. F. Coffin (since deceased) was the first commanding officer. The officers are six in number—Major, captain, 1st lieutenant, 2nd lieutenant, surgeon-major, and veterinary surgeon; non-commissioned officers and men, 74; in all, 80. The armament consists of four nine-pounder muzzle-loading rifle guns. The present officers are:—Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Stevenson, commanding; Captain, John S. Hall, Jr.; 1st Lieutenant, Geo. Robertson Hooper; 2nd Lieutenant, Richard Costigan; Surgeon-Major, G. E. Fenwick, M.D.; Veterinary Surgeon, Chas. McEachran. The Battery has visited several cities in the United States at various times. In 1857 they went to St. Albans, Vt.; in 1858 they took part in the celebration, at New York, of the laying of the first Atlantic cable, and paraded on the right of the famous 7th Regiment; in 1859 they visited Boston and Portland and received the greatest kindness from their military friends in the United States. This Battery is the only military corps that has carried the British flag through the streets of New York and Boston since the American Revolution. In November, 1862, the Battery went up to the top of the Mountain and fired a salute at the time when it was proposed to take the Mountain for a public park. At that time there were no roads to the top, and a very general opinion prevailed that the Mountain Park scheme was impracticable; but the ascent of Mount Royal by the Battery settled all doubts on that point, and helped greatly the Park scheme. The Battery have often been called out to suppress local disturbances, and have always been ready at a moment's notice for any duty. The motto of the corps is "Always on hand," and its members have ever been true to it. In 1866 and in 1870 the Battery did duty on the Hemmingford and Huntingdon frontier during the Fenian Raids in these two years. The scenes in our engravings are from sketches taken on the island, and show the sentry at the main gate, the colonel's tent, the sergeants' mess, the cook house, and a general view of the camp.

CANOE CAMP, ÎLE CADIEUX.—Our readers have already been introduced to the camp on this picturesque island. These engravings will give some notion of the ways in which the campers enjoy themselves. More on the subject will be found in another part of the issue.

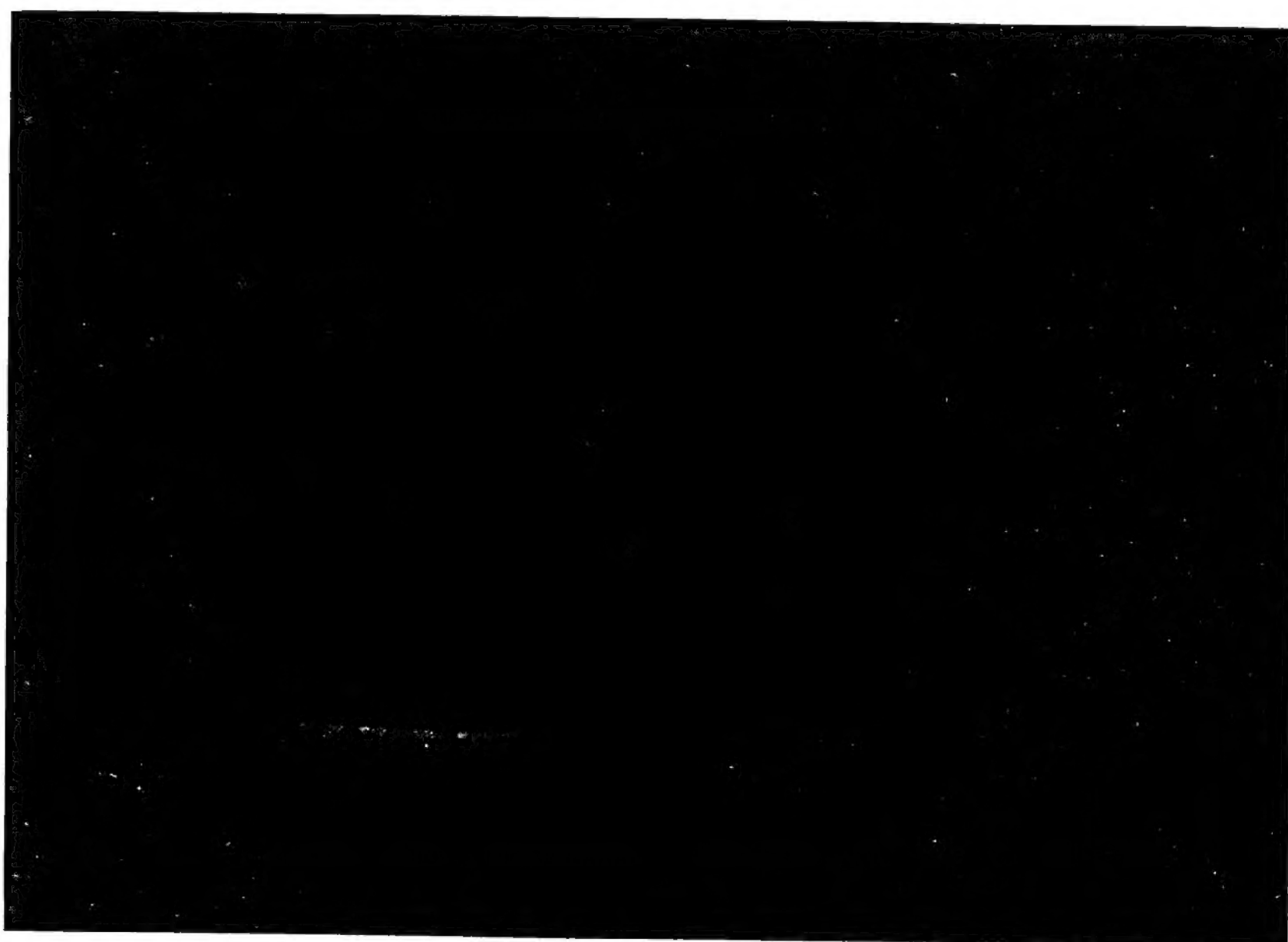
TORONTO YACHTS.—On our pictorial pages will be found several engravings of the most noteworthy Toronto yachts, the Cygnet, the Condor, the Aileen, the Oriole, etc. Particulars relating to their style and record will be found under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes."

REGATTA OF C. A. O. A.—For particulars on the subject to which these engravings relate, our readers are referred to the article headed "Sports and Pastimes."

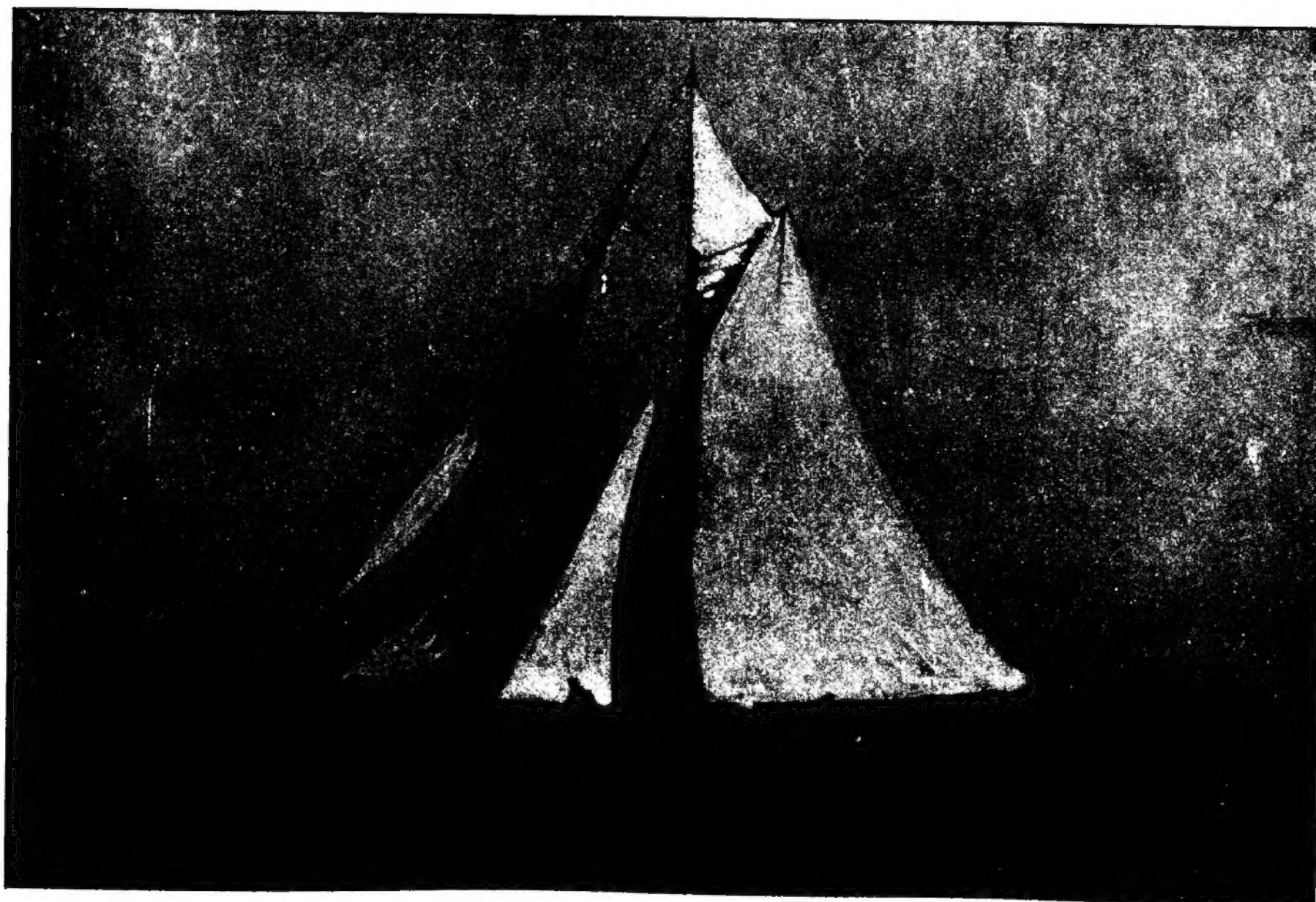
The Age of Trees.

Of late years, says Prof. Putnam, several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archaeologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon to such an extent as to make common the belief that all the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. So writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth cannot be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of the trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age of these ancient works, it is important to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers "anybody and everybody an incompetent observer of tree growth who could declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception."

"Having received repeated assurances to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: 'I have never seen anything to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year; and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Professor Gray's "Structural Botany," covers the case: "Each layer being the product of only a year's growth, the age of an exogenous tree may in general be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk." I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old.'



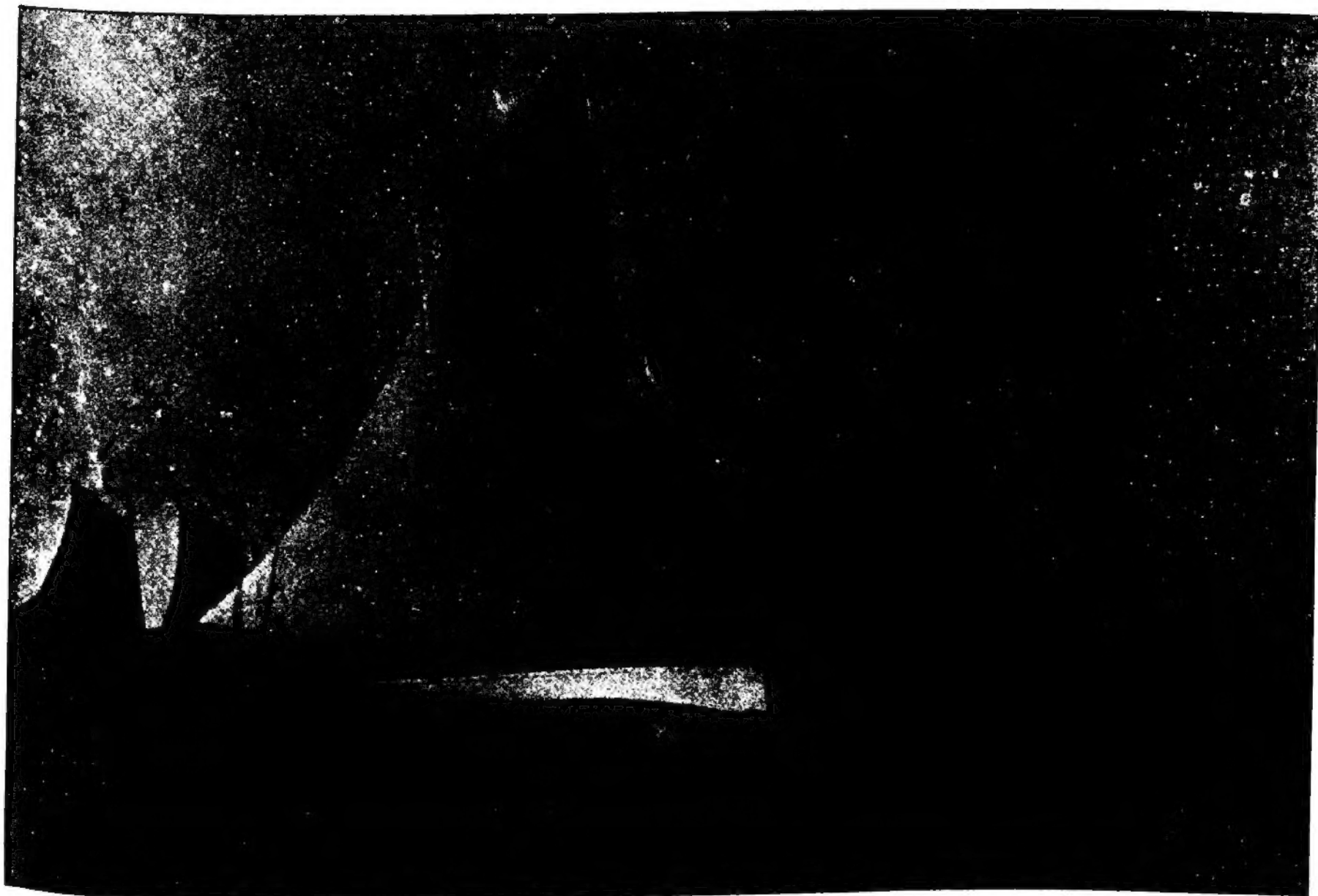
TORONTO YACHTS: VERVE.



TORONTO YACHTS: CONDOR.



TORONTO YACHTS: ESCAPE.



TORONTO YACHTS: Keltie.

Old Jimmy's Quandary, and How He Settled It.

BY SARAH ANNE CURZON.

"Well, of course, it's only nateral you should want to think about it, it's took me a goodish bit myself; but if you say yes I shall want to have ye all at the house in time to get ready for harvest, so make up your mind as quick as you can." And then, as a second thought struck him, he cried, "Was you ever at Hazeldean farm, ma'am?"

"I've been past, but never there," replied the widow.

"Then I'll come an' fetch you an' Ria to-morrow afternoon, ma'am; it ain't reason that you should buy a pig in a poke. Good evenin', ma'am. To-morrow at four o'clock I'll come for you and the little gel to see the place, an' if Walter likes to come over any time, he's welcome." And Old Jimmy backed out of the cottage like an awkward lout, not even offering his hand.

But the little boys made up for everything by shouting to their mother that they were "going back with the farmer to get the log of wood," he having promised to help them. And he did help them nobly, tying his horse to a tree and lifting up the log bodily and carrying it to the widow's apology for a wood-pile, where he told them to leave it until he came again to chop it.

Polly went home quickly, probably stimulated by the prospect of supper, as well as by the light handling of the reins, a consequence of her master's light heart; for Old Jimmy was certainly happy for a man who had no ground on which to build his hopes, save, perhaps, a good impression on the hearts of two little boys—he did not know whether to count on having made the same impression upon their mother or not.

At the opening in the trees that gave a view of the "tomb-stun," Old Jimmy naturally gave a look. He started violently; a cold perspiration burst out all over him; the mare jumped at the jerk he gave the reins and nearly threw him out; for there, on the brow of the "buryin' hill" was the second appearin'! There was no mistaking it; Jenny it was, in her long, white night gown, as she had been laid in the coffin; her fair hair loose, as it had not been at that time, to be sure, but there is no accounting for the toilets of ghosts; her eyes looking as large as they used to do when she was angry. Poor, poor Jimmy! he trembled so that he could hardly hold the reins, and to add to his discomfort the moon was nearly down, and the road was very dark. What to do he did not know. If he stayed there he could not bear the sight, and the mare would not stand long. If he went on home, where might he not meet the angry wraith! Oh, why was she angry! Did she not know how miserable he had been that long year of two winters, and how wretchedly unhomely the house had got to look? To be sure, one kind hearted body after another had "put it to rights" at various times, and he kept the scrubbing done himself, for he hated dirt. Still, he acknowledged the boards looked very black, and the windows were smudgy. Why, oh why, was Jenny so angry. Because he had asked a tidy little good-tempered, industrious woman, who could do everything, to be her successor?

The mare settled the question by turning in at the gate and cantering up to the stable door in fine style. Jimmy looked, but no ghost was to be seen, either at the house door, where he had expected her to confront him, or yet about the premises. He put the mare up as well as his disordered senses would let him and ascended the three steps of the kitchen stoop, intending to shut himself in without making any further investigation. But the collie was faithfully on guard, not having even risen from his place at the sound of the returning buggy, and his quiet movements, forgotten as he was by his master in his absorption, so startled Old Jimmy that he jumped backwards, and barely saved himself from falling down the steps again. Recovering himself, and receiving courage from the fact of company, though but that of a dog, the farmer thought he would take a look at the top of the hill, if only to confirm his fears. So, giving the collie the signal, the two set off for the end of the house, whence the fatal spot could be discerned. But nothing could be seen; the stars shone brightly overhead, but their light did not penetrate the thickets below, and with a heavy sigh of relief Old Jimmy returned to his house and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

A lovely April sunrise greeted Old Jimmy when he awoke the following morning. A soft gold haze suffused the light. The brisk call of the robin fell upon his ear and aroused a sympathetic energy in his blood. The caw-caw of the crows as they deliberately flapped their great black wings over the ploughed fields was like what the crow of Chanticleer had been to him before he had sold his poultry for want of a wife to look after it. For a minute or two he lay quiet, not immediately realizing the day it was—or was likely to be to him. Then with a bound he jumped out of bed, and, like the forlorn hope of an attack on a fortress, proceeded to assault the labours he had set out for himself to complete before four o'clock of that afternoon.

He milked and let out his two cows into a bit of pasture whence he could readily call them, for the bush was not fit for them so early in the year. He skimmed yesterday's milk, set the tin of cream ready for the little boy to fetch, whose mother churned it for him, and set the "milk hus to rights a bit" by placing all the pans he owned upon the settles, putting the long unused churn in a prominent position, and then sweeping up the floor. Luckily, there was

little to sweep up. Next he proceeded to the delf and filled two pails with water, which he set inside, as he had heard that water cleared the air, and that the "milk-hus" wasn't altogether right he knew, though what ailed it he did not know. Being hungry, he got his fire lighted, the kettle boiled and made himself some tea. What a long time it was since he had eaten buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Pork and bread had to serve. Then he tried to put the house in order. He went into each bedroom, and though all struck him as dull and dreary, he didn't know what to do to alter things, so he let them alone. The parlour puzzled him, too; he set the chairs a little closer back to the wall and pulled the rocker a little further out, and he fetched in a log to replace the dusty one that lay on the brass dogs in the hearth, and he unrolled the rug and laid it before the little settee of his own making, wondering if Jenny would think he might as well let it alone, and then he shut the door and went into the kitchen, wondering "what in nater ailed everywhere? nowhere looked right." He had thought of scrubbing the kitchen floor, but the ploughing had to be attended to, and the horses were already showing their eagerness to be at work by stamping and whinnying. So he gave that up and swept instead, and then he placed his few dishes as neatly as he could upon the dresser, the corner cupboard wherein were Jenny's dearly prized china and glass tumblers, he dared not touch, the occasion seemed too personal, somehow.

At noon Old Jimmy could hardly eat, he felt as though he expected a dinner that would make up for present denial at some near period, and it was not worth while bothering now. But he set out a very pretty repast, nevertheless; first he covered the kitchen table with one of poor Jenny's best cloths—not without a faint feeling at heart lest the "second appearin'" might make herself evident. Then he fetched a basket of fine rosy apples from the "root-hus" where also were stored many things besides roots, even some jars of maple syrup of his own boiling two years previously, and some raspberry jam, of which he took a crock, again wondering if poor Jenny's wrath would protest. All these he set in the middle of the kitchen table, and beside them he placed knives, plates and cups for five. He had no cake, but he intended to call at the village store and get biscuits on his way to fetch the widow, and of bread he had a sufficient supply for his purpose.

Four o'clock saw him all dressed as the day before, with his buckboard and team, driving up the path to the widow's little house. The little boys, Tom and Jackie, were waiting for him; within, the widow and Ria were waiting, too, and the farmer's heart gave a great bound as he received a welcoming smile from each. He was glad to find that no widow's bonnet disfigured the little woman's head, but a neat black straw had the preference. Ria, indeed, had a pretty blue ribbon on her coarse, broad hat, and her helplessness seemed no trial to her as the farmer lifted her in his strong arms into the wagon. The little boys were accommodated on a heap of clean straw at the back of the buckboard; but the widow, of course, had the place of honour by the farmer's side.

It would be tedious to narrate all that passed on this memorable journey, saving that Old Jimmy did not fail to cast a furtive glance at the buryin' lot as he passed the fatal gap, but saw nothing to disturb his equanimity, for which he was undoubtedly thankful. The farm was explored from end to end by the little boys, while Ria sat in the large old rocker on the front stoop with the collie, who at once "took to her," as her body-guard, and the widow, under the guidance of the farmer, saw the house and all its belongings, within and without, listening patiently to the long list of excuses for shortcomings which, to the farmer's anxious eyes, had never been so numerous and important before. Under the widow's superintendence, who insisted on doing the housekeeping, the meal that Old Jimmy had hoped would be at any rate a pleasure to the little hungry boys and a makeshift, at least, to the widow, became a symposium. And, though with gentle courtesy the farmer forbore to press his suit until the widow should have had time to think it over, uninfluenced by his presence or surroundings, hope grew strong, and the evening dews fell on a happy, if remarkably quiet, group as the team trotted along the road towards the widow's little cottage. Within, the widow's eldest son, Walter, was resting himself, for the miller kept him busy at out-door work when accounts were few, and though he sprang forward to meet his mother as she entered, followed by the farmer bearing poor Ria, who was very tired by the unusual excitement and travelling, in his arms, yet the boy, influenced more by fears born of the memories of the sad past than hopeful for a happy future for his mother, was barely more than civil, and the farmer had not sufficient confidence in the success of his suit to the widow to be genial; the combined result was, therefore, a stiff formality between the two men.

But Jimmy's heart felt light again as he drove off towards Hazeldean, for the little boys had kissed him, thus awakening a glow of affection that had slept for years, and the widow had acceded to his request to be allowed to come for his answer the following evening. He drove home fast, for it was ten o'clock, and four in the morning must see him up and at work to make up for his little holiday.

About mid-way home he saw, with much surprise, a man toiling along the heavy road with a weary gait, as though he had come far. Putting the team at a trot, he soon came up with the traveller, and at once knew by his appearance that he belonged to the Lower Province. His black hair and eyes, his dark complexion, and the striped knitted leggings he wore above his boots looked either Indian or French, or both. It was seldom that a man of either

blood was seen near Hazeldean, and as the farmer remarked, he looked "onnaterel"—his only word for unaccustomed sights. But the man was evidently tired and Jimmy's kind heart prompted the offer of a lift. To his surprise, the man responded in Scotch, but as it was strongly tinged by Gaelic, it was all Jimmy could do to understand him.

To his question if the man was going far, he replied:

"Tiss, indeed, lang enaf, tiss to the Lake Huron to tak ther ooversight o' a raft for the gude firm of Cockburn, till Quebec."

"And where do you sleep to-night?" asked Jimmy.

"Tis in a barn or the bowdy iv a cart, likely, or the tavern."

"No tavern or hotel is within ten miles' reach, and you can sleep wi' me and take a good rest," said Old Jimmy. "I have a farm a little way on."

The man looked at him in surprise for a minute and then replied, "But 'tiss a kind man it iss. The womans will na be to likin' that."

"There is no woman at my house; the wife is dead, and and I am all alone—at present," he added, thinking it due to the widow that he should not ignore his hopes, even to this stranger. But at this point the gap in the trees had been reached, and a glance showed Jimmy that the "second appearin'" was not only there, but aggressive, for she was slowly descending the hill, white night-gown and all, and Jimmy gave a great gasp that aroused the attention of the stranger; the horses, checked by the sudden pull on the reins, began to dance, and for a minute things looked bad.

"An' what wuss the matter, freend?" asked the stranger.

"Man, it's the "Second appearin'," and she's coming to punish me!" moaned Jimmy.

"Wass it the ghaist or the second-sight? Man!" he cried with energy, "What ha' been at?" for Jimmy was trembling so that he could hardly drive, and the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

"Oh, but it's Jenny! and she's angry wi' me for thinkin' o' marryin' another ooman and she's makin' her second appearin'; it says so on the epitaph. O Jenny, ooman, 'tis a lonely man I've been, and things is spoilin' all to mischief, but I won't hurt yer feelin's, Jenny, I'll make it up to the poor little widow, and ye shall rest in peace."

The horses had walked in at the accustomed gate, and as they proceeded towards the stables Old Jimmy ventured a look ahead, and there, sure enough, was the "second appearin'" standing like an accusing angel ready to condemn. The stranger saw it, too, but it awakened no fear in him, for he said:

"Tiss the first Indian woman I've set e'en on this fower week, her liss here, na doot, wi' her fowk i' the summer makin' the creels?"

Jimmy now took a look at the wraith with the power of a freed mind, and saw that it was indeed an Indian woman, and one that he knew. She was clothed as usual in a blanket, one that had once been blue, but exposure to the weather had spoiled its gay tint and turned it almost white, so that in the low moonlight and at a distance, as when he had just seen her, it looked ghostly both in colour and outline, and might easily be mistaken for the wrappings of the grave. Wawasa was no ghost, however, but an Indian woman to whom Jenny had been kind. She had not been near Hazeldean during the preceding summer—at any rate, that Jimmy knew of positively, though he had more than once thought that he had seen indications of other care than his own at Jenny's grave. She now came forward smiling and holding out to the farmer a couple of baskets for his acceptance.

The tears came into Jimmy's eyes, for his wife had been fond of the Indian's pretty baskets, and had many of them in the house.

Telling the woman to wait while he put up the horses, he accepted the help of the stranger, who told him to call him Angus dhu, and the two soon joined the Indian woman at the door of the house, where Nelson was, as usual, on guard. Then they all went in and had a bit of supper, the woman taking hers on her lap, sitting on her heels just within the door.

But there was a difficulty yet to be overcome. Jimmy had seen the "second appearin'" at the grave the night before, and it was as certainly descending the buryin' lot hill when he saw it as he passed coming home. Things did not fit to his satisfaction, and he was decidedly nervous. Angus dhu told several weird stories of wraiths and "appearances," but happily for Jimmy he could not understand half his guest said, and the two went to bed, leaving Wawasa to choose her own couch, according to Indian ideas.

In the morning Jimmy rose early, but Wawasa was up before him, and as he opened the door to go out she went first, saying, "Come? Wawasa show." Wonderingly, Jimmy followed where she led, and it was to the buryin' lot, indeed to the very grave of which he had come to have such dread. His fears vanished at once when he saw what the poor heathen had to show him. She had planted a tall stick, beautifully carved, opposite the centre of the "tomb-stun," and by means of a little cross-bar that, indeed, gave it almost a symbolic aspect, had fixed a thick wreath of immortelles, those soft, pretty, silvery flowers that grow in such profusion on clear or open ground, and now she signified to Jimmy that it was an offering to the memory of Jenny, and she wanted him to be pleased. Her command—English was very small, but her soft words, "Kind—Wawasa—white lady—white man," and the caressing action of her brown hands upon the wreath and tomb stone spoke more eloquently than any words would have done.

Old Jimmy bowed his head and tears fell, his heart was lightened of a heavy load, for he saw in the early morning light how easily, to his imagination, the spaces open in the wreath crossed by the wood could, in the fading moonlight, appear like eyes, and the "tomb-stun" itself, so overtopped, appear like a long white garment.

Wawasa saw his tears and gently touched his sleeve, saying, "White lady gone—no cry—happy she—good," and at once descended the little hill, followed by Old Jimmy. At the creek she would have left him, but Jimmy insisted she should have breakfast, and she again entered the house.

But a great change appeared to come over her as she viewed the farmer's laboured efforts to lay the table neatly, and a constant succession of grunts of displeasure marked his every action. She took up the cups and replaced them on the table in better order; plates, knives and forks underwent her re-arrangement, and at last Jimmy concluded he had offended her, and she was angry. He did not know how to propitiate her, and at length asked her if she was displeased with him.

She laughed in his face, and at length said, "Why Bon-ish not take other woman?—he like bear not wake—white lady gone—she not have thing so," and a gesture of evident contempt which included the whole house pointed her meaning very clearly.

"Me take another wife, Wawasa! White lady not like that perhaps." At which Wawasa laughed again, and then threw herself on the ground in the very attitude of profound indifference, nor could the farmer get another word from her.

Angus-dhu came into the kitchen and saw her there; but, being evidently well-used to Indian ways, took no notice of her. The men began breakfast, and no urging to come and eat on the part of Jimmy elicited any reply from Wawasa, but immediately before the close of the meal she suddenly jumped up and again laughed contemptuously. The truth flashed upon Jimmy's mind—the Indian woman meant him to understand that his dead wife was now indifferent to his actions. It was not a very flattering conclusion of the matter, but Jimmy accepted it as the best that could be arrived at—and was happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A dozen jolly farmers sat round the Hazeldean supper-table during the second week in August, as merry a crowd as need be. It was Old Jimmy's turn of the "Harvest Bee," and the wheat was nearly all carried; he and Walter Williams could finish the remainder. Mrs. Hazeldean, "Susie Wright as was," and three or four young women, daughters of some of the farmers present who had come in, according to the custom of "bees," to help the mistress provide meals for the hearty men at work in her husband's fields, were busy pouring out boiling hot tea and handing it round, when one of the farmers, an old friend of Jimmy's, suddenly exclaimed, elevating his great jorum of a tea-cup, half an inch thick, above his head:

"Let's make a housewarmin' as well as a 'bee' supper! Here's to Old Jimmy and Mrs. Hazeldean No. 2, and may they both live long and be happy!"

"Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! And a hip, hip, hip, hooray!" resounded through the kitchen, and with such vigour that the old collie set up a series of short barks. Jackie and Tom ran in to see what was the matter, poor lame Ria took up her crutches to follow, and the three were mightily astonished to see their mother rosier and merrier than she had ever looked in their remembrance, shaking hands with every man present, each of whom left the table in turn to go through the hearty operation with due courtesy. Meanwhile, the farmer, whom they had learned to call "Father," was bobbing his head violently in reply to the congratulations and compliments heaped on him and Susie by the women. Wawasa was there in all the glory of a crimson wrapper, having laid aside the blanket for the time, and was smiling blandly on the group from her favourite spot, the door-jamb. And Angus-dhu was shouting orders to the men on a four shanty raft that was being worked from the Georgian Bay to Quebec, but by no means forgetful of his Hazeldean host, on whom he purposed another call in a year or two. And if the "second appearin'" was present she was agreeably invisible, save, perhaps in the Spirit of Home Love that pervaded the scene.

THE END.

The Old Canadian Noblesse.

Though Frontenac was not permitted to make the three estates an engine of polity, they were in full force under the social system of the old régime. In a *mémoire*, presented by M. Talon, intendant, to the Minister Colbert, in 1667, on the state of Canada, the author says that there are only four ancient nobles and four other heads of families whom the king had honoured by his letters during the previous year. He thinks there may possibly be some other noblemen among the officers of the army, but he looks upon an estate so numerically weak as insufficient for the maintenance of the king's authority, and advises the addition of eight more to the number, the space for the names being left blank to be filled up in Canada, according to usage. Another *mémoire*, composed long after (attributed to M. Hocquart, intendant, in 1735), enumerates fourteen noble families, which it may not be without interest to mention, as some of them are still represented in Canada. They are the Gardeur (with four branches, Repentigny, Courcelle, Tilly de Beauvais, St. Pierre); Denys,

(with three branches, Denys de la Ronde, de St. Simon, Bonaventure); Daillebout, (with four branches, Périgny, Manthet, Dargenteuil, Des Mousseaux); Boucher (established at Boucherville, and the head of which, ninety years old, had more than 190 children, grand-children, brothers, nephews and grand-nephews); Contrecoeur, La Valterie, St. Ours, Meloises, Tarrieu de la Pérade (all of whom came to Canada with the de Carignan Regiment in 1669); Le Moynes (the family of the de Longueuils); Aubert; Hertel and Godefroy (both very numerous), and Damours. There were, besides these, the noblemen connected with the troops. Afterwards the writer mentions incidentally, in referring to the eagerness of scions of noble families to enter the king's service that they are mostly poor and would gladly increase their resources. As for the condition of the rest of the people in the latter half of the sixteenth century, the former of the *mémoires* from which I have been quoting says that there were some well off, some indigent, and some between both extremes. J. R.

The Ashburton Shield.

Of this contest, one of the most interesting of the Bisley matches, which came off on the 24th ult., the correspondent of the *London Times* writes:—

"It must not be imagined that because I deal with the schoolboy competitions first this course is taken because the Ashburton Shield is comparable, from the point of view of importance with the Elcho. It would be idle to suggest anything of the kind. Nevertheless, the 21 entries for the schoolboy event show that there are eight times 21 houses in the country in which the result of the Ashburton shooting is awaited with anxiety, and that there are, upon a rough estimate, between six and seven thousand schoolboys to whom the issue of to-day's contest appears a matter of supreme importance. It has often been said that the public schools send up to the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association the most soldierlike persons who appear at that meeting. The average volunteer, as he appeared at Wimbledon, was, and as he appears at Bisley is, a person of by no means military appearance. For certain competitions the wearing of uniform is insisted upon by the rules. The volunteer accordingly wears uniform, but as little of it and that for the most part as dirty and untidy as may be. One cannot blame him. He shoots in the clothes which are best suited to the purpose, and the conditions of shooting are not always cleanly. Still, the advent of the public-school boys, smartly equipped, and their parade in the morning near the offices of the association are among the most pleasant of the scenes of the meeting.

Twenty-one teams appeared on parade this morning. There were the Glenalmond boys in their familiar and picturesque Highland uniform, there were boy Engineers, boys in black, in invisible green, in every shade of gray, and in scarlet; and very well they looked as Colonel Montgomery, who is taking a keen interest in the affairs of the camp which is under his command, inspected them shortly before they proceeded to the 200 yards firing-point. Probabilities seemed to be in favour of a close competition. The Rugby boys were known to have had the advantage of instruction at the hands of the Gold Medallist of the year. Charterhouse were known to have precisely the same team as last year, save for one member who, although still in the school, had been eliminated in favour of another and presumably a better shot. The omens, therefore, seemed to be in favour of last year's winners. On the other hand, Winchester, were well spoken of, and their chances appeared to be all the better by reason of the fact that on their own range at Teg Down they had, a few days before, encountered the Charterhouse boys in a match in which they had beaten them at 200 yards. Now, 200 yards happens to be a range at which the Charterhouse boys constantly excel. Hence came it that the hopes of the Wykehamists ran high. When the boys took up their position at the firing point the conditions of shooting were difficult, for the wind was blowing so hard as to render it more than usually hard to hold the rifle steadily in the knee position, and there were some notable failures. For example, the man whom the Winchester captain had selected to represent the school in the competition for the Spencer Cup was one of the first to fall to pieces. His seven shots only realized 18 points. There were failures recorded everywhere except upon the Charterhouse board. There excellent and steady shooting was recorded, with the result that after the shooting at the first range was over Charterhouse, with 214, were well above the rest of the competitors. Next to them came Whitgift, with 192, and then, all close together, Wellington, Winchester, Bradfield, Barrow, Marlborough, Haileybury, Dulwich and Cheltenham. Passing over the intermediate competitors, it may be observed that University College School were a bad last with 119, the next men above them being Oxford Military College with 152. The 500 yards shooting did not come on until the afternoon, and then the result was very soon placed beyond all doubt. It was a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. The Charterhouse boys, shooting in a manner which almost made one regret that some of them had not been competitors for the Queen's Prize, rapidly increased their lead, and finally completed, amidst much applause, the really magnificent aggregate of 450, which eventually left them exactly 50 points ahead of the rivals who approached nearest to them. There was a good fight for the second place between teams each and all of which played a losing game with great courage and spirit, but, when all is said and done, Charterhouse were the heroes of the day.



The Walford Company have published a new edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

"Classic Gems of English Literature" is one of the latest issues of Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

Felix Pyat's "Ragpicker of Paris" has been translated and published by Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston.

"Looking Further Forward" is the title of a book by Richard Michaelis just published in Chicago.

Henry Sweet's "Primer of Spoken English" is the last addition to practical grammar. MacMillan & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Fabian Dimity," has been brought out in a cheap edition by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago.

"Church and State Under the Tudors," by Gilbert W. Child, has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Stanley's record of the quest of Emin Pasha, "In Darkest Africa," is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is sold only by agents.

Mr. G. Washington Child has favoured us with a copy of his "Recollections of General Grant," to which we shall make reference in a future issue.

"Aryan Sun-myths, the Origin of Religions," by Sarah E. Titcomb, has been brought out in Boston by the author, with an introduction by Charles Morris.

Mr. William Garratt is the author of a work, just issued by the Catholic Publication Society, entitled, "Loretto, the New Nazareth; or, the History of the Holy House."

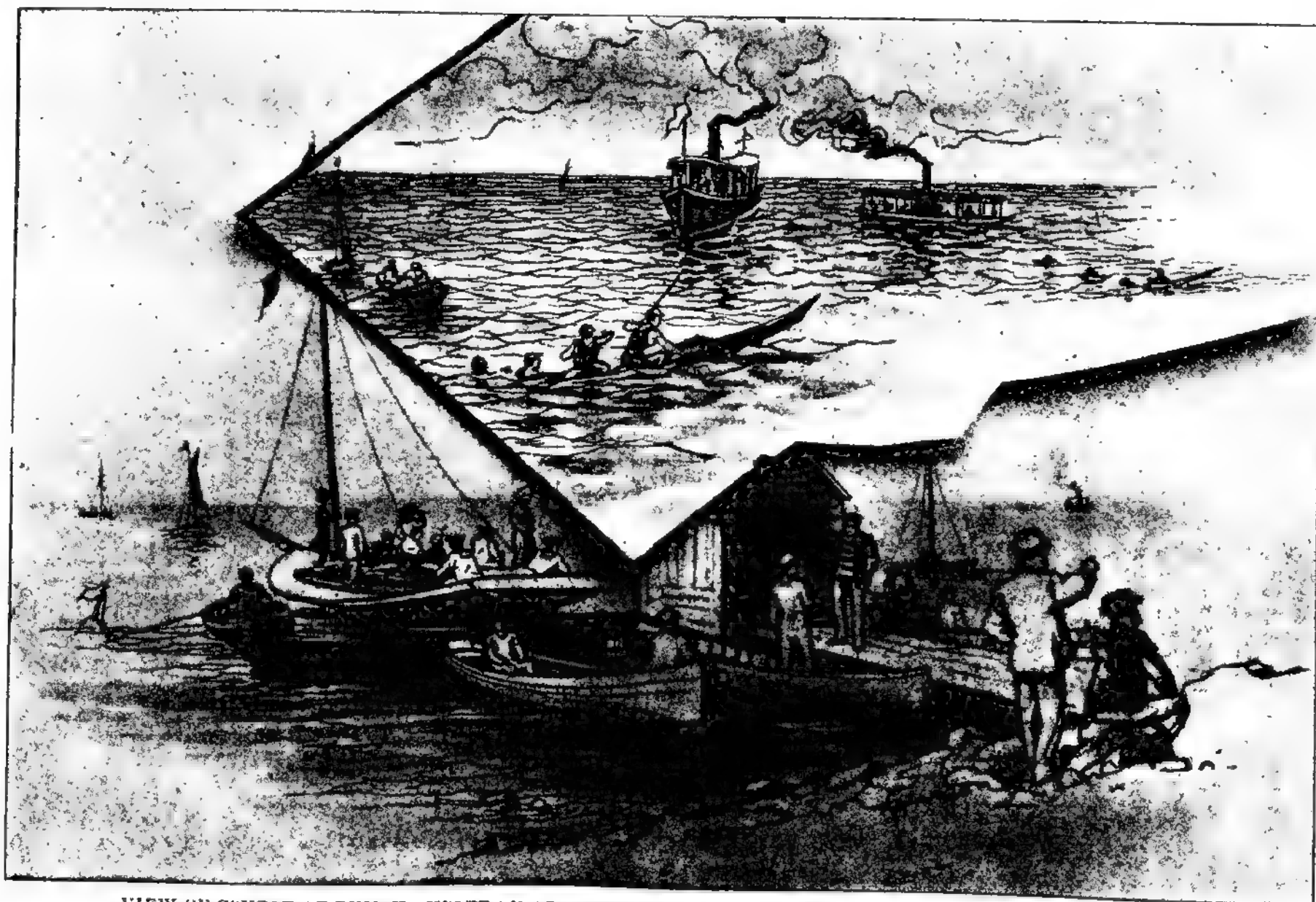
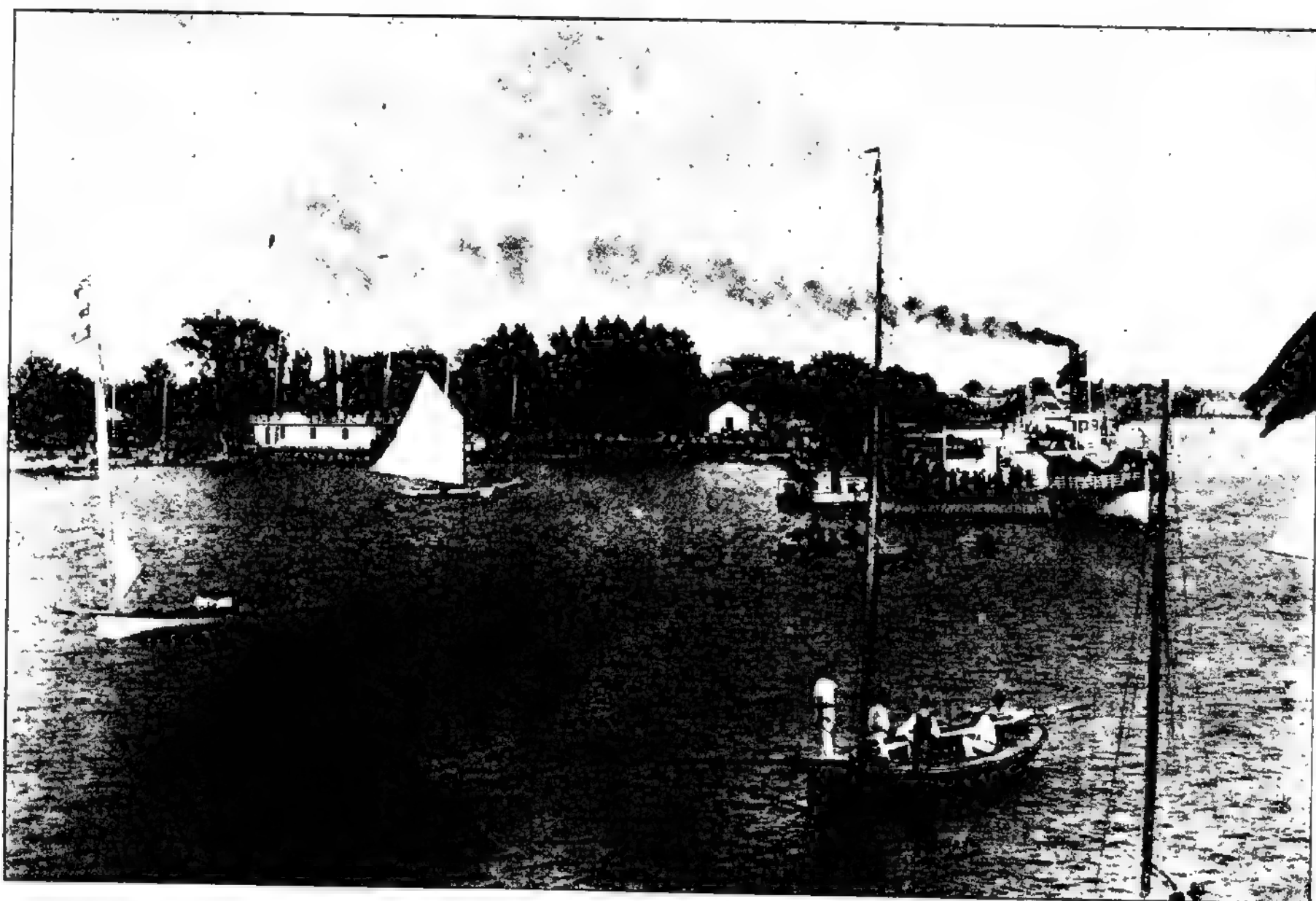
"Were They Sinners?" is the title of a novel by Charles J. Bellamy, who is a different person from the author of "Looking Backward." It is published by the Authors' Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's book, published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., "A Social Departure: How Orthodoxy and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," has been most favourably reviewed in the United States, as well as in England and Canada.

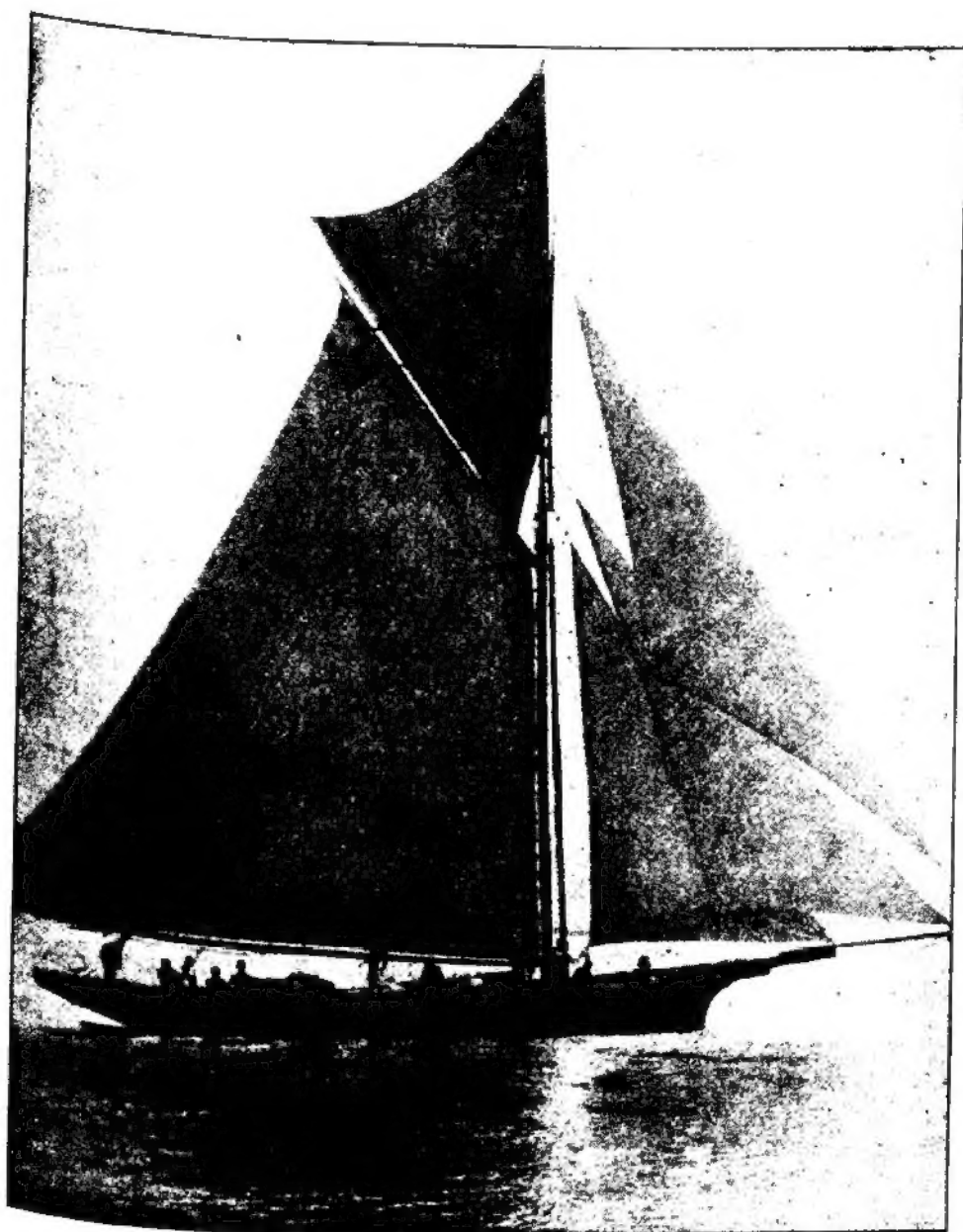
The literature of health and of exercise in relation to it has of late considerably expanded. The most important of recent volumes on the subject is Dr. F. Lagrange's work on the "Physiology of Bodily Exercise," published in the International Scientific Series (Appleton, New York), Messrs. Stokes & Company have recently brought out handbooks on skating and wrestling, and other like manuals are in preparation.

Douglas Sladen arrived from Japan on the 19th of July in the steamship China, the greyhound of the Pacific, at San Francisco, where he is staying at the Palace Hotel. He was interviewed by no less than five of the gentle craft before he had been twenty-four hours in California. He will go by sea to Vancouver, stopping off to see the boom cities of Puget Sound, and will proceed slowly across the Canadian Pacific Railway, to reach New York towards the end of October. The interval he will spend at Harrison Springs, the Glacier House, on the shores of Lake Superior, in the Ottawa Valley, at Ottawa, Montreal, and perhaps Quebec. He brings with him four or five hundred stereopticon slides for photographs, taken by himself, to illustrate the series of lectures in the life of the people in Japan, which he will deliver in the fall. He is contributing a series of illustrated articles on Japan to the Sunday issues of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. His "Younger American poets" may be expected out any time now that he has come back to America. Mr. Sladen says it is quite like getting home to be back in North America, and that he does not intend to leave it for about a year.

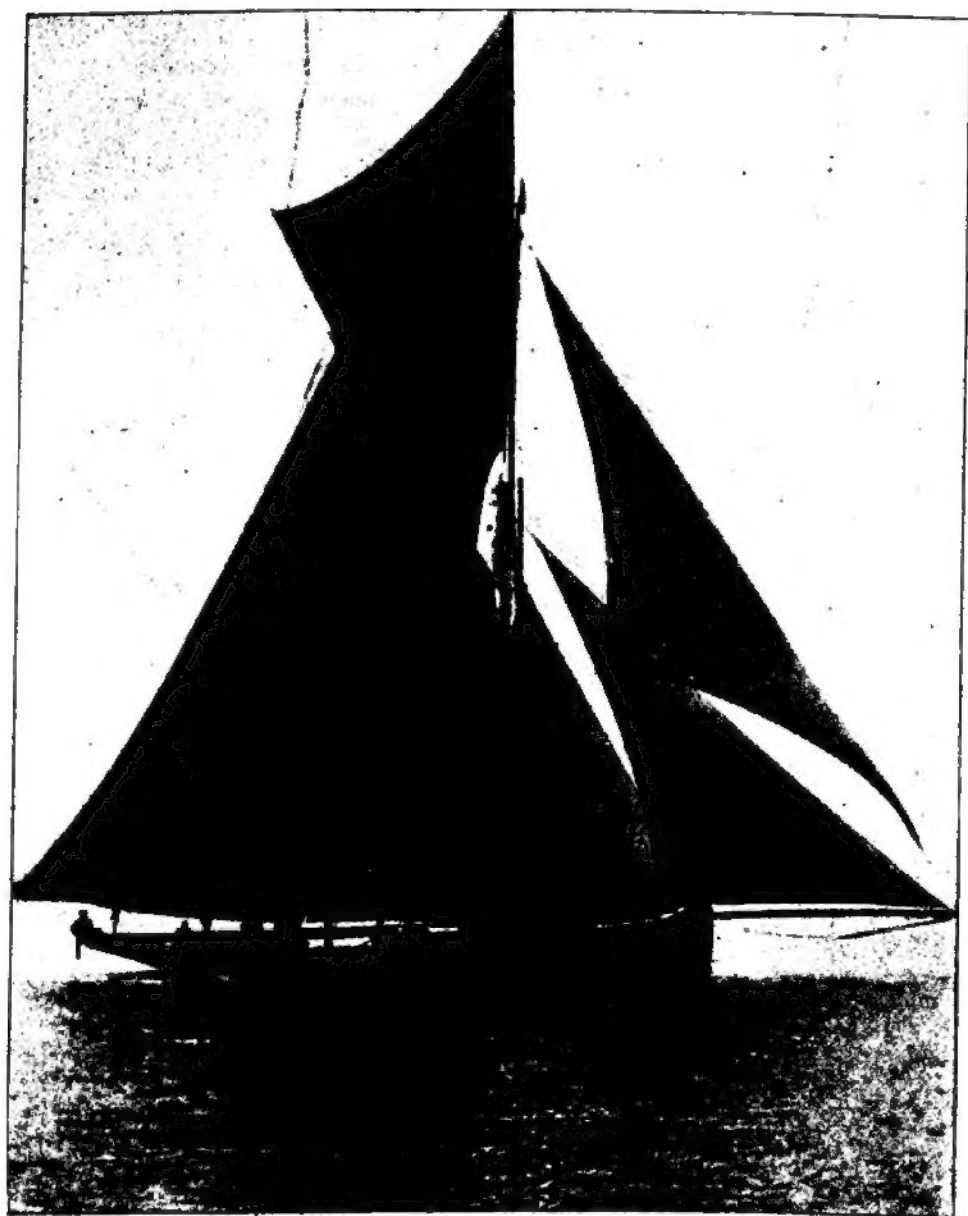
We are glad to see that our venerable and esteemed contributor, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, has supplemented his "Waifs in Verse" with a volume of "Waifs in Prose." In a few introductory remarks he explains how the contents came into existence. On his retirement from the public service early in 1888 (being at his own request placed on the superannuation list), he was still allowed to occupy his seat in the office assigned to him as Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and he could not help taking a deep interest in public and especially in parliamentary affairs. He has now collected the several articles on various subjects of current interest, written from time to time during the last few years, for those of his friends who may wish a memento of their old acquaintance "W." Some of them relate to important decisions and considerations touching public matters. More than one of these interesting papers appeared in this journal. The largest contribution is a series of reviews of Mr. Kingsford's History of Canada, written on the appearance of each of the three volumes; versions of Dr. Fréchette's poems, "Les Excommuniés" and "Le Drapeau Anglais," while the rest of them deal with political and constitutional questions from an impartial standpoint.



VIEW OF COURSE AT FINISH. UPSET OF ARGONAUT AND OTTAWA CREWS. SKETCH NEAR FINISHING BUOY.
REGATTA OF THE CANADIAN AMATEUR OARSMEN ASSOCIATION, HELD AT LACHINE, 9th AUGUST.

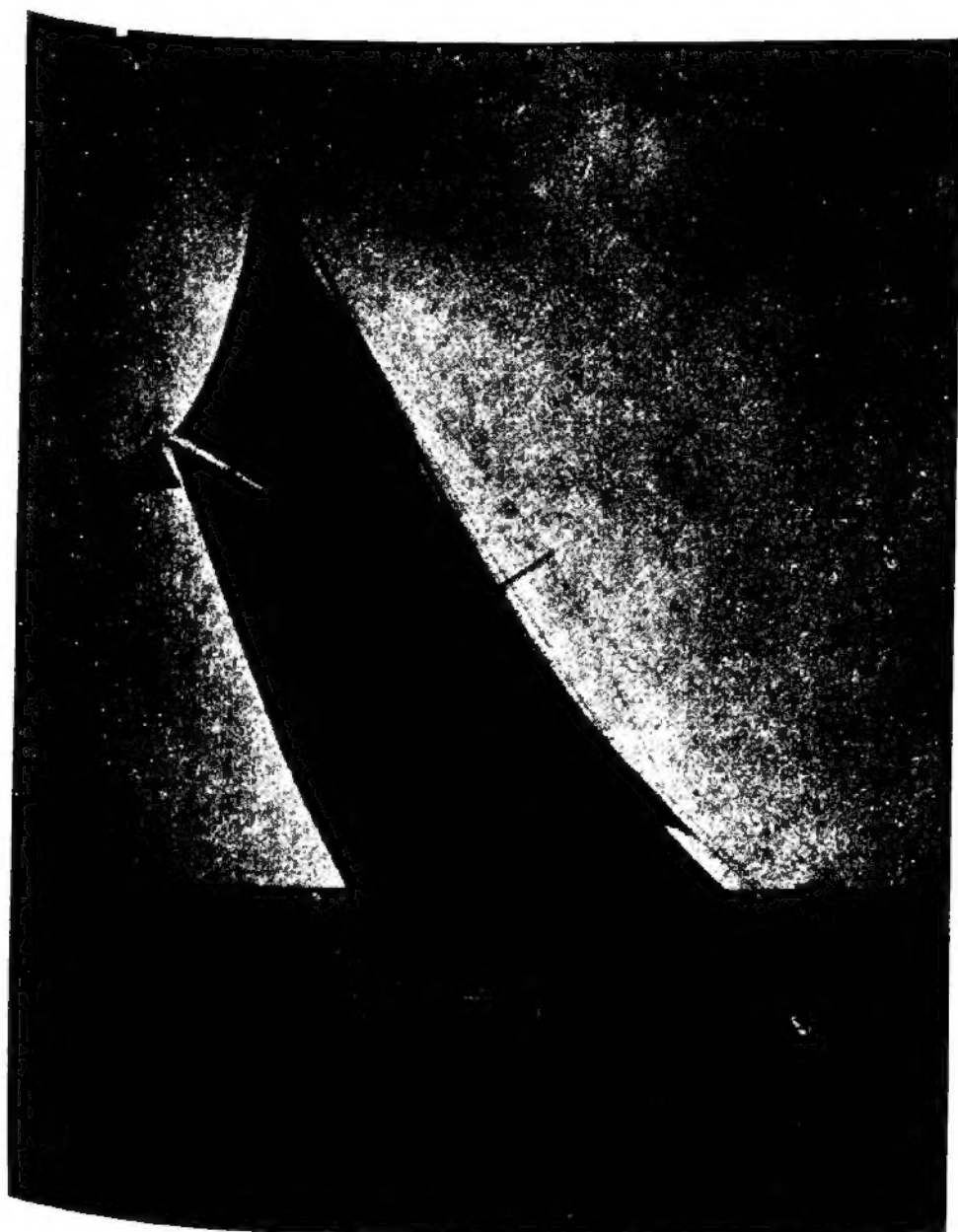


CYGNET.

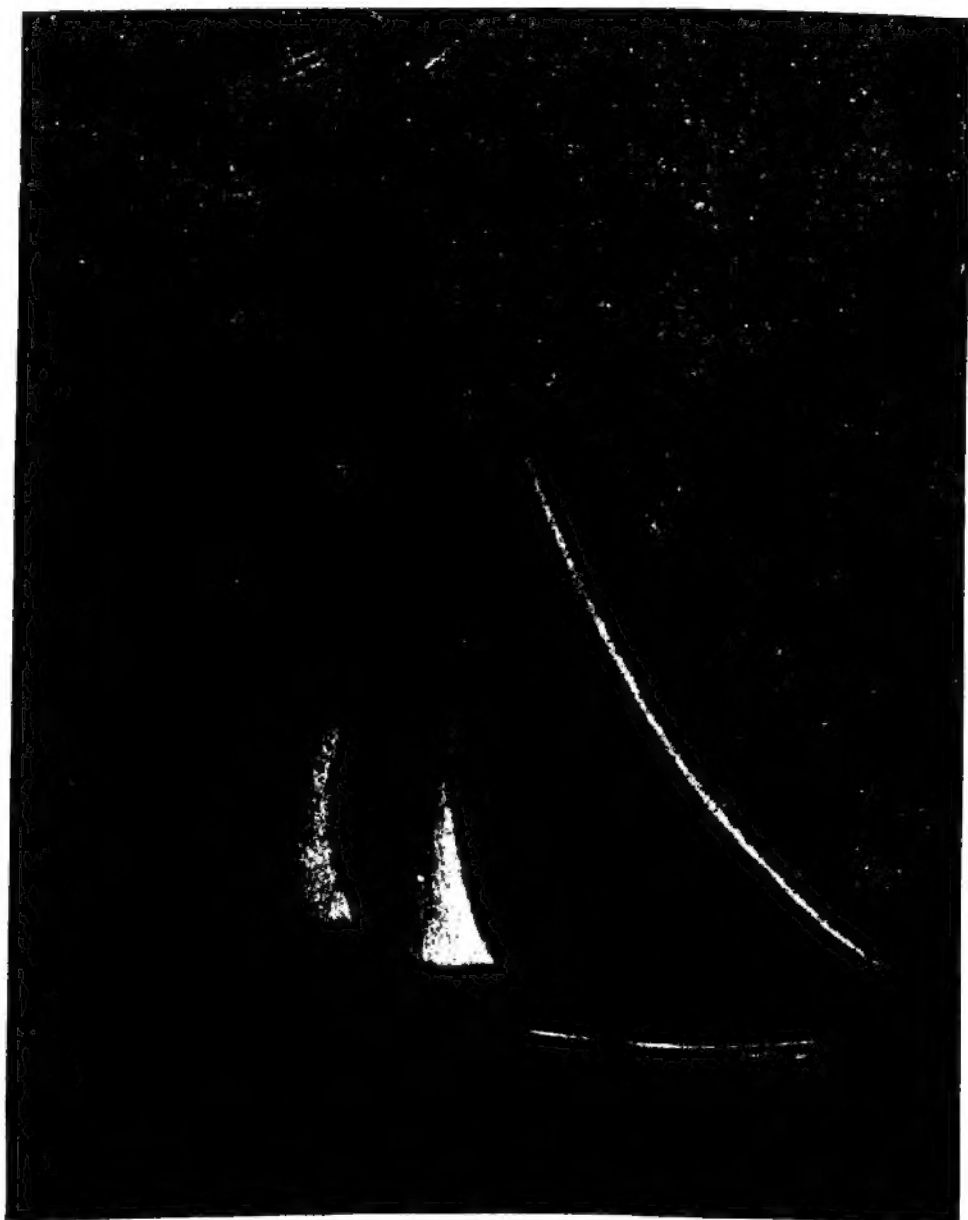


AILEEN.

TORONTO YACHTS:



RIVET.



MERLE.

TORONTO YACHTS:



Of the English poets of the circle of his personal friends, there was none of whom Mr. William Sharp, on his visit to this city, spoke with more kindly feeling than the late Philip Bourke Marston. There is a peculiar pathos in the story of his life. It was to him that Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik) addressed that sweetest and most inspiring of tributes to the royalty of babyhood:

Look at me with thy large, brown eyes,
Philip, my king;
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.

"Alas!" writes his American biographer, "for the large brown eyes!" When he was only three years old an accidental blow received while he was playing with some other little boys caused inflammation, which resulted in the loss of sight. His was an intense love of nature, and he never forgot the joy of seeing the waving trees, the fragrant of the sunset and the faces of his friends. His childhood was haunted by the visions of the poet—the vision and the faculty divine—and dreams of fame were with him in his loneliness. Socially, he was highly favoured. Philip James Bailey was his godfather, Miss Mulock his god-mother. The house of his father, Dr. John Westland Marston, was "the resort of men like Browning, Dickens, Thackeray and all the group of intellectual giants of that time." The doctor himself, like his namesake of the Elizabethan galaxy, was a dramatist. His mother was a cultivated woman, well fitted to be the wife and mother of a poet. One of his sisters also became a poet's wife.

Philip was fourteen when he first met Swinburne, whose first series of "Poems and Ballads" he already knew by heart. Both the author of "Atalanta" and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with whom he became acquainted later, did much to encourage and develop the blind boy's genius. But sorrow sat beside his hearth. When he was twenty he lost his mother, and then "a nearer one yet and a dearer one," his betrothed, passed away and left him desolate. He was blessed with the intimacy of a young man, gifted like himself, a painter of promise and an author of more than promise; but him, too, he was destined to lose. Not, indeed, that he had not many friends, American as well as English. For several years before his death (February 13, 1887) he was well known to American lovers of poetry. The venerable Whittier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Richard Watson Gilder were among his admirers and correspondents. Louise Chandler Moulton was the friend of the family and was destined to edit his poems and to write one of the most touching tributes to his memory. His portrait is before us. "He had," says Mrs. Moulton, "a wonderfully fine brow. His brown eyes were still beautiful in shape and colour. His dark brown hair and beard had glints of chestnut, and all his colouring was rich and warm. His was a singularly refined face, with a beautiful expression when in repose, keenly sensitive, but with full, pleasure-loving lips, that made one understand how hard his limitations must be for him to whom beauty and pleasure were so dear." Mr. Sharp has edited a collection of Philip's tales, in the preparatory Memoir to which he speaks of his friend as being "possessed of an occult, magnetic quality of attraction which few people could resist." He gave some interesting details of his intercourse with the young poet, his household and the literary circle therewith associated, which were recalled to my mind some months ago when I read of Dr. Marston's death.

In a codicil to his will, John Westland Marston devised that some of his books should be taken by each of a number of friends whom he named. He also bequeathed a letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all the type-written or other compositions of his son, Philip Bourke, to Louise Chandler Moulton, of Boston, Massachusetts, together with £200, a legacy from his son, which Mrs. Moulton had insisted on leaving to the testator. In the list of friends who were to receive sets of books from his library is the name of Philip James Bailey. Fifty years ago, on the publication of "Festus," Dr. Marston wrote thus: "I know no poem in any language that can be compared with it in copiousness and imagery. The universe is as rife with symbols to this poet as it is with facts to the common observer. His illustrations, sometimes bold and towering as the mountains, are at others soft, subtle and delicate as the mists that veil their summits. But better than this, with a truth, force and simplicity seldom paralleled, we have here disclosed the very inmost life of a sincere and energetic mind. Metaphysical and physiological speculation are, so to speak, actualized and verified by the earnestness and passion of the writer. There are few books in which what is so profound in its essence is rendered so familiar in its exposition." Nor was this enthusiastic judgment exceptional. From critics like the late Lord Lytton, R. H. Horne, W. H. Ainsworth and others of rank no less exalted in the hierarchy of letters, tributes of felicitation poured in upon the young author of "Festus," who was greeted by no trivial consensus as among the first, if not the very first poet of the age. I can well recall when I shared in the aftermath of this fervid admiration.

As an example of Philip Bourke Marston's style and thought, and also as being in harmony with the fleeting

season through which we are passing, I give the following poem:

SUMMER CHANGES.

Sang the Lily and sang the Rose
Out of the heart of my garden close:
"O joy, O joy of the summer tide!"
Sang the Wind, as it moved above them;
"Roses were sent for the Sun to love them,
Dear little buds, in the leaves that hide!"

Sang the Trees, as they rustled together:
"O the joy of the summer weather!
Roses and Lilies, how do you fare?"
Sang the Red Rose, and sang the White:
"Glad we are of the sun's large light,
And the song of the birds that dart through the air."

Lily and Rose and tall green Tree,
Swaying boughs where the bright birds be,
Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,
How glad they were on that summer day!
Little they recked of cold skies and gray,
Or the dreary dirge that a Storm-Wind sings!

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
Laugh with the flowers, and kiss each one;
And great bees come, with their sleepy tune,
To sip their honey and circle round;
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

A small white cloud in a sky of blue;
Roses and Lilies, what will they do?
For a wind springs up and sings in the trees.
Down comes the rain; the garden's awake:
Roses and Lilies begin to quake,
That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, Roses and Lilies! Each delicate petal
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle—
This way and that way the tall trees sway;
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,
And smiles again in the face of the noon,
And the flowers grow glad in the sun's warm ray.

Sing my Lilies, and sing my Roses,
With never a dream that the summer closes.
But the Trees are old; and I fancy they tell,
Each unto each, how the summer flies;
They remember the last year's wintry skies;
But that summer returns the Trees know well.

And as a specimen of one mood of the elder poet after whom Philip Marston was named I add this invocation from "Festus":

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!
How shall my country fight
When her foes rise against her,
But with thine arm, O Sea!
The arm which thou lent'st her?
Where shall my country be buried
When she shall die?
Earth is too scant for her grave:
Where shall she lie?
She hath brethren more than a hundred,
And they all want room;
They may die and may lie where they live—
They shall not mix with her doom.
Where but within thy arms,
O sea, O sea?
Wherein she hath lived and gloried,
Let her rest be!
We will rise and will say to the sea,
Flow over her!
We will cry to the depths of the deep,
Cover her!
The world hath drawn his sword,
And his red shield drips before him:—
But, my country, rise!
Thou canst never die
While a foe hath life to fly;
Rise land, and gore him!

A friend (D. J.) asked me not long since who it was that was said to have had bees settle on his lips during infancy. It was Plato (himself also called the Attic Bee). Pliny mentions the fact as a portent of the eloquence to which he should attain in maturity—"Suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes." Ælian gives the legend in a fuller form. He says that, when Aristo and Perictione were sacrificing to the muses on Mount Hymettus, the former laid down the infant Plato among a clump of myrtles near by. The babe fell asleep there and, as he slept, a swarm of bees settled on his lips.

Among the odes attributed to Anacreon there is one pretty piece (No. 40 in the Leipzig edition of Weise, with Brunck's notes), in which Cupid, while sleeping among the roses, is represented as having been stung by a bee. Being only a child, he cries and goes to his mother, complaining that a little serpent had bitten him, the same that the country people call a bee. But Aphrodite replied: "If so much suffering can be caused by so small a creature, just imagine how great must be the anguish caused by Cupid's arrows?" This ode is translated by Moore, and forms No. 35 of his "Odes of Anacreon." Theocritus has a pretty idyll on the same subject (No. 19). He makes Eros (Cupid) to be stung as he is stealing honey. He blows his

fingers and stamps and jumps. His mother draws the same moral as before.

Virgil has devoted the fourth book of his Georgics to bees and bee-keeping. Of the poets who have written descriptively or didactically of the bee's wondrous skill and industry the name is legion.

J. F. H.

The Victims of the Electric Wire.

The Board of Trade have not been successful in their efforts to obtain from the Government of the United States an official return of the fatal casualties that have resulted from electric currents in that country, no complete data having as yet been collected. On the other hand, a transcript has been received of entries in the official registers of the Health Department of the Municipality of New York relating to such occurrences in that city during the three years 1887-9. A short time since a striking description of an accident of this sort to men and horses in the public streets, forwarded to us by our correspondent in New York, and published in our columns, was received with some incredulity, and excellent *a priori* reasons were in some quarters put forth to show that nothing of the kind could possibly have occurred. Nevertheless the accuracy of our correspondent's startling narrative was speedily and fully established, and since then the public eye has become accustomed to announcements of a similar kind. The schedule of "deaths from electricity," furnished by the New York Health Department, must fully dispel all doubt, if any still exists, of the fact that the application of electricity to illumination and the supply of power on the scale to which it is being applied in America brings with it serious perils. The uses of electricity are constantly multiplying, while the habit of employing it is extending in America—as it appears likely to do here—with an amazing rapidity, and it is painfully significant that of the sixteen accidents recorded in the paper to which we have referred, three only occurred in 1887, while five came within 1888, and eight within 1889. The casualties have thus, as will be seen, increased in the third year nearly threefold. The victims are not confined to electricians and employees of the Electric Light and Power Companies. They include a clerk, a peddler, a buyer, a sailor, an engineer, a labourer, and a fireman. The poor peddler was found dead on the pavement in Broadway. He is supposed to have inadvertently touched a wire hanging loose from one of the overhead networks, which had come in contact with an electric wire. One was struck dead while engaged in the simple act of cutting a wire during a fire; another through tumbling on a wire in a cellar of a house. The labourer was at work in a shaft in Tenth Avenue when an electric-light wire touched the back of his neck. The sailor is stated to have been standing on an iron awning in the street, when he incautiously grasped an electric wire with a like fatal result; the "buyer" was simply handling a metal show case which happened to touch a live electric wire. In one case the shock brought down the electric light pole which the man was repairing, causing a fracture of the base of the skull; and in another the burns are recorded to have been found in the right hand as well as in both knees. Generally, however, the register adds to the date, name, and cause of the accident, nothing but the lugubrious note, "Body found at —." Of the horses which have lost their lives in New York streets from the same cause no account is forthcoming. Such is the note of warning conveyed by what is, as far as we are aware, the first official list that has been published of the victims of the electric wire.—*Daily News*.

How Sea-Urchins Live.

Some sea-urchins are known to live in cavities in rocks. And the diameter of the cavity is often wider than that of the entrance, so that the animal could not leave its home or be taken out without injury. On the French coast of Croisic (Lower Loire) may be seen thousands of urchins thus ensconced in the granite rock which is rich in felspar and quartz. The animal, it is not doubted, make and widen the holes for themselves; but the question how has not been satisfactorily answered. Chemical solution of the rock seems excluded, considering both the nature of the latter, and also that no acid which could be thus used has been proved to exist in the urchin. The matter has been studied lately by M. John, and in an inaugural dissertation (*Arch. f. Naturges.*) he explains the effects by mechanical action. With the so-called "lantern of Aristotle" the animal probably bites the rock; the sucker feet are also attached, and a rotatory motion is imparted to the body, the prickly points, with the lantern, gradually wearing down the surface. These cavities afford a shelter to the urchins against the action of the waves. An attempt is made to conceal them by means of mussel and other shells. The rocks in which the cavities occur are in general thickly covered with calcareous Alga. It has been thought that possibly these decompose the rock, and so facilitate the work of the urchins. M. John, however, finds no such chemical relation, but atmospheric agencies, he considers, may help the work of boring. A number of other animals are known to penetrate rock, and it is supposed that they do it also in a mechanical way. Recently, M. Forel described to the Vaudois Society of Natural Sciences how in the hard limestone of Constantine, Algiers, *Helix aspera* was found in holes four to five inches in depth.



A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria, brings from the Government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The Chief Inspector of Forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.

A San Francisco doctor delivered a lecture before the Cooper Medical College, in which he entered into an eloquent defence of the pun from a medical standpoint. He claimed that it produced laughter, which is antagonistic to nearly all diseases.

Powerful little magnets are now used for the special purpose of extracting iron and steel filings from the eyes and skin of workmen engaged in ironworks. These magnets are of the horse-shoe shape, nickel-plated, with thin rounded poles, only a few millimetres thick.

MEASURING THE OCEAN WAVES.—An interesting feat has been accomplished by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, who has succeeded in measuring the height of ocean waves by floating a sensitive aneroid barometer on the surface, and in gauging their width and velocity by timing their passages with a chronograph. As a result of these experiments he supports Admiral Fitzroy in the conclusion that waves occasionally reach an altitude of sixty feet. The highest wave measured by Mr. Abercromby was 46 feet high, 765 feet from crest to crest, and had a velocity of forty-seven miles per hour.

An interesting novelty in the application of electricity has been introduced on the Southeastern Railway, England. It is an electric reading lamp, situated just over the passenger's head, which can be lighted by the introduction of a penny into the box, and by the pressure of a knob. The light is of five-candle power, and will last for half an hour, at the end of which time it is extinguished automatically. If the light be required for an indefinite period, a penny every half hour will suffice. A special feature of the invention is that, if the instrument is out of order, the penny is not lost, but can be easily recovered.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions.

Terra cotta ware that is broken upon a slant, either outward or inward, can be mended by roughening the broken surfaces with a chisel or hammer, then placing the pieces together and pointing them with a mixture made of 20 parts of clean river sand, 2 parts litharge and 1 of lime, made into a thin putty with linseed oil. If the terra cotta is very red, the putty can be coloured with Venetian red. If other colours are desired, yellow ochre or Spanish brown will give the desired shade. Two pieces of stone, brick or similar material can be united with this cement. Sometimes it is used for covering the outside of brick buildings to make them look like stone of different kinds. Used for this purpose, the cement is called mastic.

A paper recently published by M. Denza, an Italian astronomer, treats of the sand showers which occur frequently in Southern Europe. In many parts of the Ligurian Alps and of Lombardy a short time ago, not only vegetation, but the roofs of houses, terraces, etc., were strewn with fine particles of dust after the occurrence of showers. This dust is readily collected. The writer's protracted observation of the phenomenon confirms the opinion already advanced by him, that the sand showers have their origin in the North African deserts, whence they are borne by strong southern gales as far north as the Alps. Two cases observed support this conclusion. About the beginning of May, atmospheric waves of low pressure advanced from West Africa across the Mediterranean to South-west Europe, causing a heavy rain-fall as far north as the British Isles. In Sicily and Piedmont, the showers were mixed with sand; and, in other cases, the foliage was covered with a layer of dust. On May 12, a violent sand-storm raged in the North Sahara, and this was soon followed by sand showers in Northern Italy. The phenomenon is popularly attributed to the effects of the April moon.

The Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

The first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was turned at Calgary on Monday, July 21st, by Hon. Mr. Dewdney, amid much enthusiasm on the part of the people. This important event marks a new era in the history of Calgary and the great territory of Alberta. The first great event in the history of that territory was the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The construction of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway is a matter of little less importance so far as the territory of Alberta is concerned, than was the building of the great

transcontinental road. While the Canadian Pacific crossed the territory from east to west, the new railway will open up the country from north to south. There is a grand country awaiting settlement between Calgary and Edmonton, through which the road will pass, while the contemplated southern extension of the road from Calgary to McLeod will also be through an excellent country. The entire region north and south is a country where stock-raising, farming, dairying, etc., should reach the climax of perfection, while the territory is not without mineral and timber wealth, there being great opportunities in both of these industries. The road from Calgary to Edmonton will at once become the highway to the great Peace River country, and along this highway in time will flow the great commerce which will eventually be built up in these vast northern regions. It is to be hoped that the flourishing young city of Calgary and the rich territory of Alberta will gain every expected advantage from the construction of this railway. The business men of Calgary have worked hard for the road, and they are to be congratulated upon the movement now made to carry out their desires. The people of Edmonton and northern Alberta generally are also to be congratulated upon the fact that their isolation will soon be broken. Those who had the courage to go into these northern regions with the belief that the value of the country would soon attract settlement and bring in a railway to them, will soon have their hopes realized. Flourishing settlements will grow up all along the line of the railway, and general development may be expected to follow the building of the road.—*Commercial (Winnipeg)*, July 28.

Canada in 1844.

The Canada that met my view when I first sailed up the St. Lawrence was little advanced and sparsely peopled. Shortly before my visit Lower and Upper Canada had been united as one province, having two parts—Canada East and Canada West. There was little intimacy between those parts; but the province was one, as having one administration and one parliament. The Governor was also Governor-General of British North America; but in peace this was an honorary distinction. The region below Quebec made the same impression that it does now. There were the same lines of whitewashed houses, parish churches, with roofs of glittering tin, and the same abundance of coasting craft laden with fish, staves, or sawn timber. This is the most unprogressive district of the country, and though the Grand Trunk now runs along the south shore for more than 100 miles below Quebec, and many more steamers ply than at the time of which I speak, the *tout ensemble* is really unchanged.

Quebec, too, was as it is to-day, indeed, rather more important, both as a commercial depot and military stronghold. The trade was in great prosperity; and as vessels of large burden could not reach Montreal, Quebec held large stocks of imported goods, which were forwarded in barges to Montreal, and thence despatched farther into the interior. The citadel was occupied by the Royal Artillery, and two regiments of foot.

Montreal was a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, many of whom lived in long straggling suburbs, of small wooden houses. Its fine river wall and excellent wharves were already constructed, and gave to Montreal, then as now, a striking superiority over Quebec; but there was no canal to connect the harbour with the navigable waters above; there were no railways; there were no bridges; no university, not even a high school; and no manufactures. Nevertheless, Montreal was then the chief seat of commerce and banking. Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Peter McGill were at the head of the mercantile community, and as fine specimens of the honourable British merchant as one could wish to see. The trade was the import of groceries and manufactured goods from Great Britain and sugar from the West Indies; the export of wheat, flour, pearlsh, butter and aed pork, bought in the interior, and shipped by them to Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, on advances by their correspondents. Montreal, like Quebec, had a garrison of British troops. The route from Montreal to the West was one of considerable difficulty. A passenger from Montreal to Toronto made his start in a heavy lumbering coach, which conveyed him eight miles to Lachine. There he embarked on a small steamboat, which took him to the Cascades. At this place he took a coach for about twelve miles; then another steamer. Again a coach, or an open wagon, when the roads became almost impassable, and again a steamboat; till on the afternoon of the second day the passenger, with jaded limbs and battered luggage, arrived at Kingston, the seat of government. This so-called city had about 11,000 inhabitants, and contained few buildings of any size. But it had an active business, chiefly in transhipment of cargoes from and for Lake Ontario. It was also the military headquarters for Canada West, and held a garrison second only to that of Quebec. Fortifications were in progress.

At Kingston the traveller westward embarked on a steamboat of stronger build than those which had conveyed him up the river, because compelled to buffet the often stormy waters of Lake Ontario. Skirting the Canadian shore, and calling at several ports, he reached Toronto in about fifteen hours. This town was the old capital of Upper Canada, now the capital of Ontario. At the time we speak of it had only about 22,000 inhabitants. The harbour could never be an inferior one, but there were only a few shabby wooden wharves. The town had but one important street—King street, across which ran roads at right

angles, irregularly built. Toronto, however, had a manifest destiny to increase, having the support of a rich agricultural region, as well as an excellent position for commanding the traffic of the west. It also possessed educational institutions superior to those of any other Canadian town; although the principal institutions were under a close ecclesiastical influence; and the great emancipation of public instruction from such control had not then been achieved.

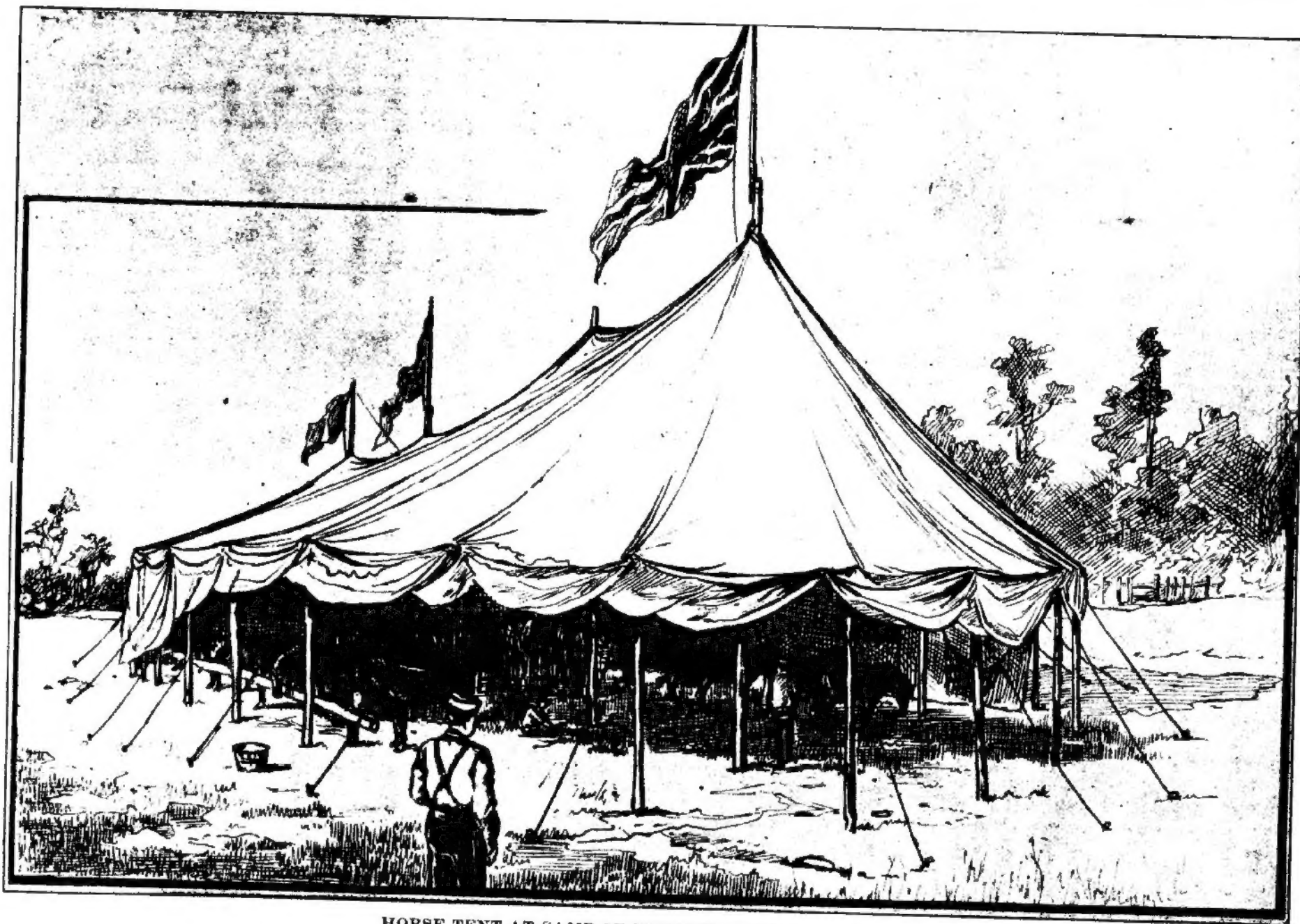
Westward of Toronto stretched a sparsely settled region, with many small towns or ambitious villages. Hamilton was a place of wide roads and spaces, and a population of 9,000. Dundas, St. Catharines, Galt, Guelph, Brantford, Woodstock, London, and Chatham, were small towns, connected by roads unblest of Macadam; dreary tracks of mud, patched with what was called "corduroy," or logs laid across the worst places; roads over which even the royal mail could not make better speed than five miles an hour. It was easy to foresee, however, the future prosperity of this fertile district. Its annual yield of wheat was wonderful, and its mills turned out vast quantities of flour for shipment to old England. The route westward was available only from May to November. During the remainder of the year navigation was closed by ice, and the traveller was obliged to journey on a sleigh over snow roads and frozen waters. The only piece of railway was from Laprairie to St. Johns, on Lake Champlain, to facilitate travel from Montreal to the United States. The only public works of any consequence were the Welland Canal, connecting Lakes Ontario and Erie; and the Rideau Canal, connecting Ontario with the Ottawa—leaving the former at Kingston and entering the latter at Bytown, then quite a small town supported by the lumber trade, now transformed into the capital of the Dominion. The political atmosphere of Canada, ever since I have known it, has been keen. At the period to which I revert the two provinces had been but recently united. There was little sympathy between them—the one being British and Protestant, the other French and Roman Catholic. Legislation could seldom be applied to the whole country. Indeed it was not easy for the legislators to understand each other, the debates being indiscriminately in French and English. The Governor-General was Sir C. Bagot, who had succeeded Lord Sydenham. Sir Charles was followed by Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, in whose days the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. Political feeling ran high, and a strong agitation spread on the subject of responsible government, or the transfer to Canada of the British system, instead of the old Colonial Office régime. The political leaders of that period are now dead: Draper and Viger on the one side, Baldwin and Lafontaine on the other. Sir Allan McNab was with the Draper party. John A. Macdonald, of Kingston, and John Hillyard Cameron, of Toronto, were just beginning to be known. Sir George Cartier and Mr. Cauchon were two Canadian lawyers entering on political life as supporters of Lafontaine. Sir Francis Hincks edited a newspaper in Montreal, and he and the late Judge Drummond were favourites with the Irish. George Brown had just arrived in Canada, and was engaged with his father on a newspaper in Toronto. The present Chief Justice Dorian, of Quebec, and Mr. Mackenzie, ex-Prime Minister of the Dominion, had not yet become public men. McGee did not arrive in Canada for a good many years after the date I indicate. Sir John Rose was just called to the Bar, and sprung into large practice; but many years passed before he went into parliament and took a seat in the Government. Sir Alexander Galt was sitting at a desk in the office of the British American Land Company; and men like Sir D. L. McPherson, Holton and Young were busy merchants; none of these gentlemen having given any sign of the active part they were to take in public affairs. But the increasing range of political questions soon drew in all these and other men. Responsible Government was firmly established; the Clergy Reserves were secularized and all shadow of a Church Establishment removed; the seigniorial tenure altered; public education in the West put on a very efficient footing; and great public works—canals and railways—were established.

The Maritime Provinces had in those days little connection with Canada. They had the parallel political and commercial questions, but there was little knowledge of these beyond their own borders. A single mail steamer—the Unicorn—plied during the time of open navigation between Quebec and Halifax; and a traffic in provisions between Quebec and the Lower Ports was carried on in petty schooners, but long years passed before the great idea of federating the provinces took hold of the public mind.

D. F.

Perfumed Linen.

Everything is perfumed save the handkerchief. Custom stamps a scented handkerchief as vulgar. If you wish your linen to have a particularly fresh, wholesome, old-fashioned odour, buy one of those lavender bags now in the market. They are filled with the crushed lavender flowers, and the pungent odour will last much longer than *poudre sachet*. One cannot imagine the task it is to prepare these bags for the market. I was talking with a girl who does this work, and she told me that when at work she is forced to cover her hair completely, wear gloves, cover her neck carefully and her gown with huge aprons, and even then the fine dust of flowers will fly up, lodge in the eyebrows, ears and nostrils, causing unlimited discomfort. But one-half the world must have the luxurious appointments of the toilet. The other half must prepare them.



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HERE AND THERE.

Pasteur is a dreamy, absent-minded man, and it is said of him that he would never think of dining unless reminded of the necessity of taking food. On the very morning of his marriage he forgot all about the approaching ceremony, and went off to his laboratory in Strasburg University. The bride and her attendants went to the church, but no Pasteur turned up. A search was instituted, and Pasteur was found deep in chemical experiments, and utterly oblivious of the fact that he was to be made a Benedict that day.

Mr. Sydney J. Hickson, an English naturalist who has spent some time on the island of Celebes, has made some extensive observations of the corals of the Malay archipelago. In regard to the food of corals, he is inclined to the belief that many of them may be vegetable feeders. No doubt, the water in the vicinity of mangrove swamps is full of the debris of leaves and wood, which, sinking to the bottom, must enter the mouths of the coral animals. It is suggested that this may explain the vigorous growths often seen near extensive swamps.

Old London relics continue one by one to disappear, and the time cannot be far distant now when the few remaining must have come into the hands of the "enterprising builder." The latest victim in this respect is the little cottage close to Shepherd's Bush-green, where Syndercombe arranged his plans for the assassination of Cromwell in 1657, on the Protector's way from Hampton Court to London. This interesting relic of the Commonwealth, which is annually visited by some thousands of people, has now been acquired by a local firm, and will shortly be demolished for the purpose of enlarging the purchasers' present premises—a brewery.

MOTHER.—More and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with reason dominant, with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness, with self-sacrifice, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all

the world, he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief, he may destroy his fineness in every respect, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called mother.

The Curiosity Shop.

Every one has noticed the cobwebs which hang upon each shrub and bush, and are strewn in profusion over every plat of grass on a fine morning in autumn; and, seeing, who can have failed to admire? The webs, circular in form, are then strung thick with tiny pearls of dew that glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any be wrought that would equal them in their filmy delicacy and lightness, it would be worth a prince's ransom. But for such work man's touch is all too coarse. It is possible only to our humble garden spider, known to scientific people by the more imposing name *Epeira diadema*. These spiders belong to the family of *Arachnida*, and the ancients, who were great lovers of beauty, observing their webs, invented the pretty fable of *Arachne*.

Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that *Minerva* herself must have taught her, but *Arachne* had grown vain as she grew dexterous, and overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged *Minerva* to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten, I will bear the penalty." *Minerva* accepted the challenge and the webs were woven. *Arachne's* was of wondrous beauty, but when she saw that of *Minerva* she knew that she was defeated, and, in her despair, went and hanged herself. *Minerva*, moved by pity for her vain but skilful opponent, transformed her into a spider; and she and her descendants still retain a portion of her marvellous gifts of spinning and weaving.

HUMOROUS.

"It's very kind of you, old fellow, to come down to see me off." "Not at all, Bolus, I am only too glad to do it."

"No," said he, "I never took a sea bath in my life." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "that explains why the ocean is salt."

RATHER AMBIGUOUS.—I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist." "Yes, sir." "What do you dispense with?" "With accuracy, sir." "I was afraid you did."

PASTOR: I should like to see you taking a more active interest in religious things, Miss Bessie. Miss Bessie: I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Mr. Goodman. I couldn't be spared from the choir.

NEW BOARDER: But I can't lie on such a bed as that. I've always been used to a spring mattress. Landlady: Well, we dress our beds to suit the seasons. This is a summer mattress; if you had come here in the spring you could have had a spring mattress too.

LITTLE BOBBY: Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks? Mr. Jinks: I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan. Bobby (a trifle nonplussed): That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down-hill at a furious rate.

A RISING QUESTION.—Teacher (to boys in back part of the room engaged in earnest conversation): Boys, what are you talking about? Confusion on the part of the boys. Teacher: Boys, I demand an explanation. One of the boys (reluctantly): Please, ma'am, Ike says his whiskers are beginnin' ter push.—Grip.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.—Visitor at National Museum (A.D. 1990): "What queer-looking things are these?" Venerable custodian: "The one on the right is a specimen of the lamps they used in railroad cars in this country 100 years ago." "And what is the one on the left?" "It is a sample of the lamps supposed to have been used in lighting Noah's ark during the flood." (Mystified)—"Why—they—they are exactly alike!"

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